Englands Hallelu-jah.

1.

MY thankefull *heart* and *hand* doe vndertake
To write, indite, ſome holy heauenly *Song*;
Some ſacred Song of *Loue* and *Laud* to make
Which may to Englands Lord alone belong:
O that my Pen were prompt as that ſweet writers,
That ſacred, ſugred, Kingly Praiſe-Inditers!

2.

O, *euerliuing*, *euerlouing*, Lord,
Father of Mercies, Fountaine of all Grace;
Whoſe noble *Name* and *Fame*, Heauen, Earth, record
Glorious in Heauen, in Earth, in euery Place:
Who art farre fairer in thy beauteous praiſe,
Than is the Sun, in all his brighteſt rayes.

3.

Thou art moſt glorious in the Worlds *Creation*,
Wherein are various *Workes* of wonder ſhowne;
But, much more glorious in *Mans Reſtauration*, *Gods Mer-*
Wherein was *Mercies-Miracle* well knowne: *cies.*
Thy *workes* (ô Lord) indeed are wondrous great,
But yet, thy *Mercies* muſt haue ſupreme ſeate.

4.

1. *To Man.*

The *Heauens* declare thy handy-*workes*, ô Lord,
The *Earth* is full of *Creatures* admirable;
The *Sea*, a Sea of *wonders* doth affoord,
Full fraught with Fiſhes, huge, innumerable;
But yet thy *Loue* to *Man* amongſt them all,
I iuſtly moſt admire, and euer ſhall.

5.

Man, out of *Duſt* (baſe duſt) at firſt created,
Yet after thy bleſt *Jmage*, bleſtly made;
Man, *Lord* of all thy Creatures ordinated,
Man, by them all, in Earth, Aire, Sea, obay'd:
Yet, *Man*, by Pride and Hells malignity,
Deprau'd of Bliſſe, *Depriu'd* of's Royalty.

6.

2. *To the elect in generall.*

To *Man*, much *bleſt*, in his pure *Generation*,
To *Man*, moſt *curſ'd*, in his *Degenerous*-caſe;
To *Man*, beſt *bleſt*, in his *Re-generation*,
By *Chriſt*, *Mans* ſole *Peace-maker*, *Spring* of Grace:
To *Man* (I ſay) and of all *Men*, to *Thoſe*,
Whom, Hee, by *Faith*, to be his *Flocke* hath choſe.

7.

3. *To vs of England in particular.*

And, of all *Theſe*, to *Vs* his *Little-flocke*,
To *Vs* (I ſay) his *Engliſh-Iſraelites*;
To *Vs*, ingrafted, on, old *Iſraels ſtocke*,
And to *Our* Land of *Goſhen*; whom the frights
Of forreine *Foes* and home-bred *Enemies*,
By *force* and *fraud*, haue, oft, ſought to ſurpriſe.

8.

Thy *Loue* (ô Lord) I ſay, to *Our* poore *Nation*,
Beſide *Spirituall-Graces*, largely giuen;
Thy *Word* and *Sacraments*, Food of Saluation,
The beſt *High-way* for vs to walke to Heauen:
Thy many *Temporall Protections* great,
From all the dangers, which fell Foes did threat.

9.

From all the *Terrours* of our Foes without vs
From all the *Horrours* of our Foes within;
From all that roſe againſt vs, round about vs,
From *Truth*, to *Errour*, vs to worke and win:
This thy great *Loue*, our great *Deliuerance*,
This, would my gratefull *Voyce* and *Verſe* aduance.

10.

That (maugre all the *might* and *ſpight* of *Spaine*,
And *Antichriſtian Balaam* of *Rome*,)
Thou haſt and wilt thy *Churches* right maintaine,
And turne *Romes* Curſes to hir owne dire doome:
Bleſſing, whom he would *Curſe*, croſſing the hate,
Of *Spaines* proud *Amalecke*, that *Scourge* of State.

Balaam of Rome.

Amalecke of Spaine.

11.

And, as hard hearted *Pharaoh* and his *Traine*,
In *Ægypt*, by Gods fearefull *Plagues*, oft, ſmarted;
But, ſtill his *Goodneſſe Goſhen* did ſuſtaine:
And to *his* people *Light* and *Loue* imparted:
Propping, *protecting Theſe* with ſweet aſpection;
Cropping, *Correcting Thoſe*, with foule infection.

12.

Euen ſo proud-hearted *Antichriſt* of *Rome*,
And his *Crowne-thirſting Paramour* of *Spaine*,
Heauens, iuſt diſpleaſure hath with heauy doome
Oft, *foyled*, *ſpoyled*, with their impious *Traine*:
Our *Engliſh-Goſhen* being ſtill protected,
Such was his *Goodneſſe*, *So*, hee vs affected.

13.

Witneſſe, ô euer witneſſe, may thoſe dayes,
Thoſe *Halcyon-Dayes* of ſweet *Eliza's* Raigne;
Eliza, worthy *Englands* endleſſe praiſe,
That *Friend* to *Faith*, That *Scourge* to *Rome*, & *Spaine*:
All *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future* Ages *Glorie*,
Worthy prime *Place* and *Grace* in dateleſſe Storie.

Queene Elizabeth.

14.

By *whom*, the Lord ſo many *wonders* wrought,
To *whom* the Lord ſo great *deliuerance* gaue;
For *whom* in their owne *Snares* hir Foes he caught,
In *whom* his *Church* (poore *Church*) he oft did ſaue:
By wondrous, glorious, world-admir'd protection,
Such was to *Hir* and *Hirs*, Heauens firme affection.

15.

Biſhop of Chicheſter in his Thankfull Remembrance.

Witneſſe (I ſay) the *Treaſons* ofte contriued
By *Weſtmerland*, *Northumberland*, and *Poole*;
Stukely, and falſe *Mendoza*; yet none thriued,
For Heauen did *ſee*, and *ſmile*, and *Them beſoole*;
That impious perſon *Parſons*, Iriſh-*Sanders*,
Campian, *Romes Champion*, *All* full fraught with ſlanders.

16.

Troupes of Traitors.

Creitons Torne-Papers, *Allines* impudence,
Engleſields Plott, and *Roſſes enterpriſe*,
Parries pernicious practiſ'd *Inſolence*,
Sauages ſauage plotted *Villanies*:
Babingtons barbarous *Treaſon*, *Percies Spleene*,
And Iewiſh *Lopez*, *All* to kill *That Queene*.

17.

Throgmorton, *Stafford*, *Stanly*, and *Tyrone*,
Implacable *Conſpiratours*, were, All;
Like *Sampſons Foxes* tyde by th'*Tailes* in *One*,
All ranne like *Fire-brands* fierce to worke the fall
Of that rare *Queene*, *Chriſts Church* to ruinate,
As *Reuerend Carleton* ſweetly doth relate.

18.

Romes Rhetoricke.

Some ſought and wrought, with *Poiſons*, *Piſtolls* fierce,
With *Daggers*, *Daggs*, and ſuch like *Inſtruments*;
Hir harmeleſſe *Heart* iniuriouſly to pierce,
Some by *Rebellions* aym'd at foule *Intents*:
All aym'd, amiſſe, and *All* did miſſe the *white*,
And *Law* and *Vengeance* payd them *All* their right.

But;

19.

But, if you'l ſee, *Siſera's* Pride at height
Againſt that Engliſh *Deborah* moſt ſweet;
And how the Lords ſtrong Arme did for Hir fight,
Behold it in his *Eighty-Eights* great Fleet:
His great *Armado*, ſhipps moſt huge and tall,
Which, Hee, *Inuincible* did fondly call.

Spaines Armado. 1588.

20.

This *Fleete* did *floate* vpon our *Engliſh Seas*,
With *This*, he had euen ſwallowed vp, in hope,
Our *Albions Iland*, Nothing, Leſſe, could pleaſe
The hungry Appetites of *Spaine* and *Pope*:
And *This* fierce *Force*, and factious *Parts* within,
Promiſ'd, aſſur'd, they ſhould the Conqueſt win.

21.

Thus *Phillip* hauing with inſulting Pride,
On euery part, beſet vs with his power;
Gaping (but fondly gaping) euery tyde,
Our Liues and Lands like Quicke-ſands to deuoure:
Euen then, the *Wooden-walles* of *Jericho*,
The breath and blaſt of *Gods* wrath downe did blow.

22.

Then did the Lord, ariſe a Lord of Hoaſts,
And all our Foes diſperſe and diſſipate,
Then did he drench and drowne their *Spaniſh* boaſts,
And to vs did their *Captaines* captiuate:
The raging waues their ſhips did ſinke and batter,
And all their formidable Forces ſcatter.

Mr. Wardes Diſſolo, Diſſipo.

23.

Then was our Englands *Deborah* moſt deare,
(By Gods all-potent power, all-patent Grace)
Made moſt triumphant ouer foes and feare,
Heauen did from *Hir*, proud *Siſera* quite chace:
The ſtarres in order, windes, waues, ſeem'd to fight,
To vindicate hir *Innocence* and Right.

24.

Thus, for that time, th'insatiate thirst of *Spaine*,
Was quenched, to his cost and high disgrace;
Most of his mighty shippes spoil'd, sunke and ta'ne,
Those that escap't, crept home in shamefull case:
But spight of *Home-bred Traitors, forreine Foes*,
Eliza liu'd and dy'd a fragrant *Rose*.

25.

This was the Lord; Let thankefull hearts declare it,
For, tis exceeding wondrous in our Eares;
That yeere of *Eighty-Eight*, ô neuer spare it,
To blaze the praise of *That yeere*, all thy yeeres:
Let English Isre'll, sing and say all wayes,
Not vnto vs, but to the Lord be prayse.

26.

But, what? had *Romes* inueterate spight and spleene
King Iames. An *End*, with sweet *Elizaes* blessed *End*?
Oh no: *King Iames* succeeding that faire Queene,
Against Him, they their Plotts againe did bend:
The *Cause* continuing workes the same *Effect*,
And *Spayne* and *Rome* their *Dagon* must erect.

27.

Then, for th'aduancement of their Cath'like-Cause,
Romes apish Popish *Priests* are firebrands, first,
Watson and Clarke. *VVatson* and *Clarke*, encourage, with applause,
A Romish-proiect, Treason most accurst:
But, if you'll see a Mapp of *All*, in *One*,
Looke on their *Pouder-Plot*, oh There tis showne.

28.

A *Plott* of Treason, hatched, first, in Hell,
The Papists Pouder-Plott. 1605 I meane the *Hell* of *Romish Hearts* most base;
Bred and brought forth, by *Men*, like *furies* fell,
Incarnate *Diuels*, onely *Men* in face:
No. 5. Nourisht, and cherisht, by *Romes Man* of *Sinne*,
By *whom*, all Treasons *End* or else *Begin*.

29.

A Treaſon 'twas, tranſcending all compare,
Though *True*, yet *Strange* to all Poſterity;
Such, as whoſe *fulneſſe*, *fouleneſſe* to declare,
Would ſeeme t'exceed the bounds of Verity:
Yea, no true ſtory from Earths firſt Creation,
Could ere relate ſo curſ'd a *Coniuration*.

30.

A *Prieſt* was *Prouoſt* in this foule deſigne,
Helliſh incarnate *Garnet*, this was He; *Garnet the Jeſuite.*
He prompts, prouokes, The Earth to vndermine,
And with *Gun-Pouder*, then, It, ſtuft muſt be:
Wherwith, King, Queene, Prince, Prophets, Peeres, & All,
Should with *One Blow*, haue had *One* fatall fall.

31.

The mixture of *Nocents* with *Innocents*,
Would nought availe; *All* ſhould haue drunke *One Cup*; *Nocents & Innocents.*
High, Low, Rich, Poore, None were impediments,
With *Pouder*, *All*, at *Once* had bin *Blowne vp*:
Hearts worſe then *Neroes*, voide of mercy quite,
Whole Kingdomes Heades, at *One ſtroake*, off to ſmite.

32.

But our ſupernall *Iſre'ls Shepheard* good,
Who neuer ſleepes nor ſlumbers o're his flocke,
Cloſe by vs (by his *Prouidence*) then, ſtood;
He *ſate*, and *ſaw*, and *ſmil'd*, and them did *mocke*:
Turning the *Counſell* of *Achitophell*,
Into mad *Folley*, Folly fecht from *Hell*.

33.

And, in the *Snare*, which they for vs had made,
Perillus-like, Themſelues were iuſtly ſnared;
Our Soules did by Gods goodneſſe, ſafe euade,
Whilſt They, amongſt themſelues, their miſchiefe ſhared:
Haman, and all his *Popiſh* impious *Fellowes*,
Were hanged, *All*, vpon their owne high *Gallowes*.

34.

Oh here were *worke* for endleſſe Meditation,
To make the thankefull *Heart* breake forth in Praiſe;
With fire of zeale and holy exultation,
To liue, to loue, and laud the Lord alwayes:
His endleſſe, boundleſſe Goodneſſe to proclaime,
And cauſe our Childrens Children doe the ſame.

35.

But yet, ô *Engliſh heart*, goe one with me,
And taſte and ſee that God was yet more gracious;
His neuer-emptied *Hands* ſtill forward, free,
To fill thy Soule, with bleſſings, ſpecious, ſpacious:
Blacke-Fryers. To leaue *Blacke-Fryers* fatall feareſull doome,
A *Type* of *Juſtice* on the Rabble of *Rome*.

36.

Whoſe circumſtances, (yet) conſidered right,
May iuſtly moue vs to admire the Lord,
In all his workes of wonder, grace and might,
And matter of much thankefulneſſe afford:
To ſee *Romes* forward *Pride* and Impudence,
By *Gods* owne *Hand*, receiue due recompence.

37.

Memorable Notes. *Nouembers* 5^t^. with Vs, Their *Pouder-Plott*;
Nouembers 5^t^. with Them, Their *Fatall Fall*:
In *This*, or *Plott* or *Pouder*, there was not,
No Pouder. In *This* and *That*, *GODS Finger* ſeene to All:
No Plott. *This* to diſgrace, *That*, to deſtroy our Church,
But in *Them Both*, Heauen left them in the Lurch.

38.

In *That*, *They* ſought our guiltleſſe blood to ſpill,
But *Wee* eſcapt and *They* were paid with Blood;
In *This*, *Themſelues* were *Authours* of their ill,
Whiles *They*, our *Gods* and *Nations* Lawes withſtood:
Their woefull *Ends*, I meddle not withall,
For, *Both*, did to their M^r^. *ſtand* or *fall*.

But,

39.

But, leauing *Them* (I ſay) to *God* moſt iuſt,
And yet moſt gracious, to true *Penitents*;
I, yet a little farther leade thee muſt,
To ſee Gods Loue, in yet more large extents:
That ſo thy, *Heart*, with *Dauids* may ſay well,
Truly the Lord is good to Iſraell.

40.

O whoſo'ere had (not long ſince) but ey'd,
Of *True Religion*, the ſtrange tottering *ſtate*;
How *Hollow Hearts* ('mongſt vs) ſwamme with the tyde,
How *Popiſh Prieſts* durſt boldly to vs prate:
Out-beard, out-braue vs, yea and to our face
Conteſt, contend, *Chriſts Goſpell* to diſgrace.

1623.

Romiſh Foxes came out of their Holes.

41.

Who ere (I ſay) did *This*, then ſee, did *ſay*,
Or (at leaſt) *Feare*, *Religion* was nigh dead;
That all hir *Beauty*, almoſt buried lay,
Romiſh Recuſants had got ſuch a *Head*:
And, quite (all moſt) to let *Hopes Life-blood* out,
See, what, it pleaſed the Lord to bring about.

42.

Our (then) *Prince Charles*, our ſtaffe of future ioy,
Now, vnder *God*, the *Crowne* of our Content;
Vnto our ſodaine, *All-ſuppoſ'd* annoy,
From *Albion* faire, to blacke *Iberia* went:
Our *Day* was darkned with the *Fogges* of *Spaine*,
We quite diſheartned, till it clear'd againe.

Prince Charles in Spaine.

43.

Our *Pearle* of peereleſſe price, was lockt vp faſt,
In a polluted *Cabinet*, too-ſure;
Ouer our *Sunne*, a *Spaniſh Cloud* was caſt,
Which did our *Engliſh Light*, delight, obſcure:
(Vnder pretext of a *miſ-matched Match*)
Till *Matchiuill* of *Rome* and *Spaine* could hatch

Could

44.

Could hatch (I ſay) their *Egges* of *Policie*,
To winde and binde to *Theirs*, *Our Church* and *State*;
To weaue *Their Webbe* of *Europes Monarchie*,
Wherein, They (then) ſeem'd workemen fortunate,
So cunningly *They* had contriu'd each thing,
That *Hope* and *Hap*, ſeem'd *Both*, to Crowne them King.

45.

* *As, one most wittily did Anagramatize on the Name of Gondamore*

Spaines * *Romane Dog*, that ſly *Fox-Populj*,
With *Craft*, lay cloſſe, his *Egges* to heat and hatch;
His Mt, on *Ambitions Horſe*, did hie,
No leſſe, than our *Great Britaines Crowne* to catch:
But, when *This* thought himſelfe ſafe ſet i'th' Saddle,
His haſte, made waſte, *Tothers Egges All*, prou'd addle.

46.

Gods Goodneſſe and Wiſedome ouer-matched Machiuil of Spain.

Our *God*, (good *God*) *Thoſe Machiuillians* great,
In their owne Counſels, ſtrangely did beſot;
His loue to vs, made them, themſelues to cheat,
What they had got, they ſtupidly forgot;
What they ſo long did longfor, thirſt, affect,
Then, put vpon them, they did ſlight, neglect.

47.

O, heere, I cannot, but admire, adore,
The wondrous *Wiſedome* of the *Lord*, *alone*;
Oh, heere, I may not eaſily paſſe-ore,
The Contemplation of Gods mercy ſhowne
To *England*, happy *England*, in *This Act*
Of *Mercy*, wherein, *Many* are compact.

48.

Sauls Michol, Spains Infanta.

For, firſt, Had *Spaine*, like *Saul*, his *Micholl* wedded
To our deere *Dauid*, We had wedded bin
To many Woes, of *All-Wiſemen* (then) dreaded,
By falſe fain'd *Friends*, meere *Foes*, without, within:
What might *That Saul* haue car'd t'haue ſpar'd a *Daughter*?
Whereby he thought t'haue wrought good *Dauids* ſlaughter.

Some

Englands Hallelu-jah.

49.

Some *Troian-Horſe*, by *Spaines Pelaſgan Art*,
With ſacred ſhew, our Kingdome might haue entred;
A *Spaniſh Fleet* (at leaſt) t'vphold the part,
Of vrged Reformation had bin ventred:
A *Fleet* (I ſay) full fraught with arm'd protection,
To bring the *Puritans* to due ſubiection.

50.

Againe, had *Spaine* ne're meant to make the *Match*,
(As that's moſt ſure) yet, had they ſtill protracted,
Proteſted, vow'd, aduantage (ſtill) to watch,
(Which part they oft haue finely, falſely, acted)
With fly delayes, t'haue wyer-drawne their wiles;
What might they not haue wrought on vs, the whiles?

51.

Might they not, thus (at leaſt) haue bound our hands,
From leaſt aſſiſtance to our *Neighbour-Friends*;
Till they had ouer-run the *Netherlands*,
And euery where obtained their proud Ends:
Whilſt we (alas) ſtood looking at all *This*,
And, in *Them*, ſaw, for *Vs*, *Rods* laid in *piſs*.

52.

Oh then, that royall *King* and *Queene of Hearts*,
Bohemiaes Princely *Paire* and pleaſant *Plants*,
Had found Afflictions added to their ſmarts,
Had then bin drown'd in helpeleſſe woes and wants:
Had bin a prey fit for thoſe hungry *Iawes*,
Which, long, had gap'd to gripe them in their *Pawes*.

53.

Then, oh then had *Religion* reſtleſſely,
And helpeleſſely, yea hopeleſſely bin baited;
Then *Edoms* Sons had raiſd a cruell Cry,
Like bloody *Blood-Hounds* vndefatigated:
'Downe with it, downe with it, euen to the ground,
'Let no memoriall of it, ere, be found.

Venatio Catholica.

Pſalme 137.

But

54.

But ſee, oh ſee, how our good *God* aroſe,
Like a moſt glorious *Sun* with gracious *Rayes*;
At whoſe *vp-riſe*, that monſtrous *Cloud* of *woes*,
Was quite diſpel'd, diſperſt; And to Heauens praiſe,
Thoſe threatned *ſtormes* of *Spaines*, *Romes* Raine & thunder,
Were turn'd into a *Calme* to our great wonder.

Prince Charles returned out of Spaine.

55.

For why, *Gods Loue*, led, yea pull'd-forth our *Prince*,
From *Spaines* foule *Fogges*: So that our *Sun* moſt faire
Hath clearely, cheerely, on vs, euer ſince
Shined, and ſhut-out all our deepe deſpaire:
So dainely, ſweetly, to our admiration,
He came to vs, to our *Heart* exultation.

56.

He *came*, came *ſafely*, yea, he ſolely came,
Solely (I ſay) free from all *Spaniſh* yoake;
Yea, which is moſt and beſt, (bleſt be *Gods* name)
He came vntainted of leaſt *ſmell* of *ſmoake*,
Of *Romiſh*, *Spaniſh Coales* of *Hereſie*,
Gods *Grace* did guide, guarde, his *Sincerity*.

The Prince in Spaine. Ioſeph in Egypt.

57.

Yea, *Hee* (with *Ioſeph*) ſeem'd to be fore-ſent,
Into *That Egypt* by his *God* and *King*;
Thoſe many growing *Miſchiefes* to preuent,
Which through all *Europe*, ranke began to ſpring:
To ſhield vs from a *Famine*, not of *Bread*,
But of *Gods Word*, which moſt men, moſt did dread.

58.

For why? *Romes Seuen Lanke-Headed* hungry *Beaſt*,
Hungring for *Blood*, yea *Blood* of *Gods* bleſt *Saints*;
Had his deuouring *Rage*, ſo much encreaſt,
And our faire *Peace* brought to ſo hard conſtraints,
That all our former *Full-felicity*,
Was nigh deuourd, throughout all *Germany*.

But,

Englands Hallelu-jah.

59.

But, as I sayd, *what* our *false feares* of strife,
Like *Iosephs Brethren*, did misterme, mistake;
And what *Spaine*, *Rome*, like *Potiphars* base Wife,
Wrought on good *Joseph*, spoile of him to make:
That did the *Lord* conuert to our great good,
And well he went, as *then* our *Cases* stood.

Spaine and Rome, Potiphars wife.

60.

Oh *England*, *England*, VVhat canst *Thou* repay?
VVhat *Retribution* hast *Thou* for thy *God*?
Thy God, who, *Thus*, hath bin thy staffe and stay,
And freed *Thee*, thus, from *Spanish*, *Romish*, *Rod*:
From *cruell Men*, which are *Gods Sword*, indeed,
VVhose *Mercies* are but *Mischiefes* bloody *Seed*.

61.

O what canst thou to *God*, thy *God*, repay?
VVhich wondrously, *Life* out of *Death* hath brought;
Light out of *Darkenesse*, from blacke *Night*, bright *Day*,
VVhich from such *Bondage*, hath such *Freedome* wrought:
VVhich hath thy stooping, drooping, *Heart* reuiued,
And of their impious *Ends* thy *Foes* depriued.

62.

A thankefull *Heart*, Gods mercies oft to minde,
A thankefull *Tongue* to preach abroad his praise;
A helpefull *Hand*, to his poore Members kinde,
This *triple-Tye*, is *All*; yea, *This*, alwaies,
He most expects, he best respects, requires,
This payes all *Debts*, *This* props all *new desires*.

A triple, true Thankesgiuing.

63.

VVith holy *Dauid*, thankefully to take
The *Cup* of *Sauing Health*, to blesse the Lord;
Recitall, is *Requitall* thou must make,
His *many Mercies*, to recount, record:
Yea, *All* his *Blessings*, oft, to ruminate,
Is thy *best* meanes, *Then* to remunerate.

64.

But, how vnthankefull, *England*, haſt Thou bin;
For *Theſe*, *all theſe*, *Gods* Mercies vnto *Thee*?
Englands Ingratitude. Amongſt thy many others, *This One Sin*,
Of groſſe *Ingratitude*, may iuſtly be
A woefull witneſſe, how thou haſt neglected,
Thy *God*, and all his *Goodneſſe*, diſreſpected.

65.

How bruitiſhlie, how like a ſottiſh *Swine*.
Haſt thou, the *Akornes* of *Gods mercies* free,
Simile. Moſt rudelie rauen'd vp, Ne're caſt thy Eyne,
Vp to the *Oke* of *Grace*, *Life-giuing Tree*:
Of *Gods* meere *Mercy*, *Bounty*, whence alone
All theſe great *Goods*, like *Floods*, haue to thee flowne.

66.

How-farre vnlike the little *Chickin*, gratefull,
Another. VVhich, euery drop it drinkes, lookes vp to *Heauen*,
As if, by *Nature*, taught to hold moſt hatefull,
Ingratitude, euen for leaſt *Bleſſings* giuen:
But *Thou*, than any Creature, more vnkind,
Gods many, *mighty Gifts*, blot'ſt out of minde.

67.

For, whereas *Hee* hath *Loaded Thee* with *Loue*,
(VVitneſſe thoſe wondrous *Mercies*, pre-recited)
Plenteouſlie poured, ſhowred from Aboue,
Onely becauſe his *Loue* in thee delighted:
Yet *Thou*, thy *Lord* haſt *Loaded* with thy *Crimes*,
VVith *Sins* tranſcending *Thoſe* of elder *Times*.

68.

And, as himſelfe, by's Prophet doth complaine,
Amos 2.13. He, like a *Cart*, preſt downe with *ſheaues* of *Corne*:
Long time, hath ſcarce bin able to ſuſtaine
The waight of thy *innumerous ſins* forborne;
Forborne (I ſay) with wondrous patience,
Not laying on thee *Sins* due recompence.

69.

VVith ſuch *paternall Longanimity*,
Each day, weeke, moneth, yea Yeare by yeare expecting
Thy due *Conuerſion*, with *Sincerity*,
Thy Soules ſaluation *Fatherlike* affecting:
But all in vaine his gracious expectation
VVas fruſtrate ſtill, by thy ill prouocation.

70.

So that (as by another Prophet, Hee, *Ieremie 15. 6.*
Proteſts) Hee is moſt wearie of Repenting;
And can, no *longer*, *linger*, patient be,
From ſtrict, exact, iudiciall, Conuenting
Of *England* and hir *Sonnes* foule *ſinnes* before him,
VVho thus forgat, for's *Goodneſſe* to adore him.

71.

And ſince the *Muſicke*, of his *mercies* ſweet,
Could neither thy dull *Heart*, nor deafe *Eares* charme;
To cauſe thee with due *Laud* his *Loue* to greet,
And ſo *preuent*, *th'euent* of future harme:
Therefore the *Thunder* of his *Iudgements* fierce,
He *now* doth *vow*, thy *Heart* ſhall plague and pierce.

72.

His prudent *Iuſtice* therefore thought not fit,
To *Cockney* or to *Cocker* thee in *Sinne*;
VVith too indulgent *Silence*, ſtill, to ſit,
But now to iudge thee iuſtlie will begin:
For *ſtroakes* of *Loue*, to giue thee *ſtripes* of *woe*;
To make thy *Cup* with bitterneſſe oreflow.

73.

VVhich, how effectually it came to paſſe, *The laſt great Plague.*
Oh *London*, *London*, Thou canſt witneſſe be;
VVhen thy incenſed *God* did (late) alas,
VVith a fierce *Plague*, in iuſtice viſite thee:
Thy *Beauty* into *Baldneſſe* quicklie turning,
Sweet *tunes* into ſad *tones*; Mirth into mourning

74.

If euer *Ieremies* loud Lamentation,
For Captiuated *Salems* pitteous plight,
Londons lamentable Estate. Did, in a Cittie, find equiparation,
VVere personated, pattern'd-out, most right:
Oh then, who *Salems* sorrow heard or knew,
Might thereby *Londons* loud Lamentings view.

75.

London, I say, which (as *Ieruſalem*)
VVas *Queene* and *Lady* of all other *Citties*;
Great Britaines Pride and precious Diadem,
A Subiect fit for *Panegyricke Ditties*:
This faire Metropolis, *obiect* of Eyes,
Abiect, by sinne, fild with sad Elegies.

76.

How didst thou *London*, solitarie sit,
VVhich formerly with people full wast fild?
How didst thou *London*, sadly Widow it,
Who wast of *Prouinces*, the Princesse held?
How didst thou waile all day, weepe sore all night,
Both night and day thy Cheekes with teares bedight

77.

Yea, how wast thou, by thine owne *Sonnes* forsaken,
How were thy neighbouring *Friends* become thy *Foes*?
By frights and feares how wast thou ouertaken?
Oh how had'st thou *want* added to thy *woes*:
At home, by *Epidemicke Plague*, infected,
Abroad, b' *vnhospitable Friends* neglected.

78.

Thy Gates and Streets most desolately left,
Gods fierce *Destroying Angell* smiting dead;
Whereby were *Thousands* of their liues bereft,
Thy *Priests* and *People* from thee frighted, fled,
Thy *Priests* (I say) whose piety and Pittie
Should haue redrest, and drest thy wounded Cittie.

79.

But *Thefe* and *Thofe* like heartleſſe *Harts* were fled,
Spirituall *Paſtures*, *Paſtures* thee denying;
Nothing more heard than *Knells* of *Bells* for Dead,
And cryes of *watery-Eyes* for friends a dying:
For *Friends*, yea *Fathers*, whom they durſt not ſee,
Nor, as they would or ſhould, aſſiſtant be.

80.

Oh, who is able rightly to relate,
Thy *ſad* thy *bad* condition to condole;
When *Death-Tryumphant* ſate in Chaire of State,
When his Dead-wounding Weapon, Sicke and whole;
Yea *Poore* and *Rich* did to the *Graue* annexe,
Without diſtinction of or *Age* or *Sexe*.

81.

When nought was heard, but loud alarm's for death,
When nought was ſeene but *Trophies* of his Spoiles
When nought was felt or found but ſtifled breath
To put a period to *Liues* reſtleſſe Toyles:
VVhen all our *Gallants-Coaches* gaue large roome
For *ghaſtly-Coarſes* paſſage to the Tombe.

82.

VVhen *Tombes* into wide-gaping *Pitts* were turned,
VVhen wearing-Cloathes were *Coffins* made for many;
VVhen Parents, Children, Youngmen, Maides, *All* mourned,
VVhen *All* were frighted, free from Feare not *Any*:
VVhenas, inſtead of *Signes*, each Houſes doore
A *Red-Croſſe* and a *Mournefull-Motto* wore.

Biſhop Hall in his Sermon of Thankeſgiuing.

83.

VVhen buried *Bodies* in their *Beds* of Clay,
VVere piled-vp on heapes, like Fagot-ſtackes;
VVhere *All* they mingle, *None* they ſingle lay,
Yea, ſome Dead Corps due *Dormitorie* lackes:
VVhen *None* ſuruiu'd, but might with *David* ſay
Thouſands, Ten Thouſands, Dead about him lay.

84.

VVhen thus (I say) thy *Citty* populous,
By that fierce Epidemicall destruction,
Was made, all most, a Desert ruinous;
A *Golgotha*, a *Chaos* of Corruption:
When passions and Compassions reluctation,
Was tenter'd-vp to highest aggrauation.

85.

When *these*, *all these*, yea *more* than *these mishaps*
Came flocking, flowing, flying, round about thee;
Besides, worse feares, of yet-worse *After claps*,
When *horrours*, *terrours*, were within, without thee:
When euery minute, euery Man did looke,
From hopelesse Life, to be soone snatch'd and tooke.

86.

Then, oh, euen then, London, like *Niniuie*,
In sable *Sack-cloth*, sobbing, sighing, satt;
In Fasts and Prayers, a loud to Heauen did crie,
With conscious Consternation falling flatt:
With due *Submission*, true *Contrition* bending,
And vp to Heauen, his prest petitions sending.

87.

And Then, euen then, ô see, and to admire,
The wondrous mercie of our *Lord* of Loue;
No sooner didst thou supplicate, desire,
Mercy and gracious pardon from aboue;
Nay, sooner than thou calld'st, *Hee*, answer gaue,
And while thou spak'st, *Hee* heard and did thee saue.

88.

Yea, He was found of Thee that sought'st *Him* not,
Hee came to thee, who from him fast didst flie;
Hee minded thee, though thou hadst him forgot,
And though thou wouldest not, cur'd thy Maladie:
Yea, though thou *Him prouoked'st* to his face,
Yet, He *preuented Thee*, with his good Grace.

'Twas

89.

'Twas not thy *Faſts* (faint Faſts) that he reſpected,
'Twas not thy hollow, halfe-*Humiliation*;
To be, a day or two, in Soule, deiected,
Or, rather, ſeeming ſo, for oſtentation:
In Sack-Cloth ſadly, downe thy ſelfe to ſpread,
Or like a *Bull-rush* to hang downe thy Head.

90.

Was *This* the *Faſt*, which God of Thee would haue?
Was *This* the humble-contrite *Heart* he asked?
Was *This* the true *Repentance* God did craue?
Oh no: yet, vnder *Onely-This*, was masked
Thy ſeeming ſorrow, weake *Humiliation*,
Yea, in the midſt of *This*, much *Prouocation*.

91.

So, that the Lord, *This* iuſt complaint might make,
Of Vs, and our beſt *Acts* iniquity;
Oh *England*, what ſhould I doe for thy ſake? *Hoſea 6. 4.*
Oh *London*, what could I doe more, for thee?
Thy *Goodneſſe* being, but like *Cloudes* i'th day
Or *Mornings-dew*, which paſſeth ſoone away.

92.

Oh 'twas the Lords meere *Mercy* plenteous,
That Wee, all wee, were not conſumed quite;
Becauſe his ſweet Compaſſions faile not Vs,
But, are renew'd, eued euery Morne and Night:
For, when we call, or Crie, he heares vs ſtraite,
Yea, *Hee* on our *Repentance* (oft) doth waite.

93.

Oh Lord, though our peruerſe Iniquities,
Our great *Tranſgreſſions*, 'gainſt vs teſtifie; *Lamenta:* 3
Though our *Back-ſlidings*, foule deformities 22. 23.
Are growne vnto ſtrange multiplicity;
Yet, for thy *Names-ſake* thou haſt mercie ſhowne,
In time of trouble, We thy Truth haue knowne.

94.

Thou, that accepted'ſt *Ahabs* faind Submiſſion,
Thou that euen pittied'ſt *Hypocrites* falſe Feares;
Haſt kindly taken our but meane Contrition,
And boted-vp our few, vnworthy Teares:
Thou, *Iſraels-Keeper*, ſtedfaſt Hope moſt kinde,
To doe vs good, haſt had vs ſtill in minde.

95.

1 *Kings* 20. 31. If, what *Benhadads* Seruants ſaid, was true,
That Iſraells Kings, were kind and gracious Kings;
Hovv much more ſure, canſt *Thou* both ſay and ſhevv,
That from *Heauens-King*, *All Grace and Goodneſſe* ſprings,
Our *Iſr'ells King*, That *Hee's* moſt kinde and ſweet,
When *Sinners*, *Him*, vvith true Repentance meet.

96.

VVitneſſe, and euer vvitneſſe may That loue,
That wondrous Loue of *His*, to *Thee* (late) knovvne
That moſt admired Mercie from aboue,
To *London*, latelie, louelie, ſeene and ſhovvne:
To thee ô *London*, in thy woſull ſtate,
VVhen *Death* and *Dearth* ſought *Thee* to ruinate.

97.

VVhen ſodainlie, beyond all expectation,
The *Lord* in Loue, did looke vpon thy woe;
And to his *Glory* and thy *Admiration*,
Th'oreflowing *Flood-Gates* of his *Grace* let-goe:
VVhereby *full Streames* of mercie iſſued out
And ſoone refreſht thy Citie round about.

98.

The wonderfull and ſodaine ceaſing of the Plague.

VVhereby (I ſay) thy weekelie *Thouſands* were
Brought dovvne to *Hundreds*, *Hundreds*, brought to *Ten*;
Thy *Ten*, to *One*, thy *One* to *None*, thy *Feare*,
To ſafe *Security* vvas turn'd, and Then;
For *Mourning*, thou hadſt *Mirth*, for *ſorrow*, *Joy*,
For *Sickneſſe*, *Health*, ſvveet *Solace* for *Annoy*.

Thy

99.

Thy Streets, vvere then re-peopled and repleniſht, Zacha. 8.5
And *Girles* and *Boyes* vvithin thy Walls re-ſporting;
Thy *teares* dry'd-vp, thy *feares* vvere from thee baniſht,
Thy late *fled-Sonnes* and *Daughters* home reſorting:
To their long-hoped *Homes* flocking amaine.
Thy *Houſes*, yea *Gods Houſes*, filld againe.

Zacha. 8.15

100.

Then thy ſad *Faſts* into glad *Feaſts* vvere turned,
Thy *City* fraught vvith Hir Inhabitants;
Then, *Joy* poſſeſt the *Hearts* of thoſe that mourned,
Plenty ſupply'd the place of vvoefull *wants*:
This vvas the *Lord*, and tvvas moſt admirable,
This vvas our *God*, vvhoſe Mercies are moſt ſtable.

101.

Nay, yet a little ſtay and ſtand amazed,
In admiration of *more Mercy*, yet;
VVherein the *Lord* is, yet, more to be praiſed,
For (yet) another wondrous *Beneſit*:
VVherein vve may moſt viſiblie perceiue,
God leaues not giuing, till to aske *wee* leaue.

England ſtil ungrat full.

102.

But *firſt*, (oh and tis *worſt*) conſider vvell,
Hovv vvell, thou *England* didſt requite thy *God*?
VVhoſe *Grace*, vvhoſe *Goodneſſe*, thus did flovv, excell,
So ſoone, ſo ſweetlie laying by his *Rod*:
Didſt thou requite *Him* as he merited?
VVaſt thou made better, *humbler-ſpirited*?

103.

Nay didſt thou not (*Back-ſliding England*) rather
Rebelliouſlie backe to thy *Vomite* haſten?
Didſt thou not ſeeme to re-collect and gather,
More ſtrength, thy ſelfe to *Sinne* more firme to faſten:
And like the *Snake* late *foſtred* at the fire,
Haſt *feſtred All*, and re-incenſ'd *Gods* Ire.

104.

And since thy *Heart* grew so obdurate, hard,
That *Pharao*-like nought but the *Rod* could tame thee;
That thy late pricking *Plague* thoudst not regard,
That neither *words*, nor *Wounds* would yet re-clame th
That nothing could thy *hard heart* mollifie,
But thou grewst worse and worse rebelliously.

105.

Since thou thy selfe, thy *Sinnes* wouldst not bewaile,
And *wet* thy *Heart*, and vveene thy part in teares;
But would'st by *Sinne*, thy Selfe, thy Soule assaile,
And *blacke* it vp, with *blacke* affrighting *Feares*:
Such *Feares* therefore forthwith vpon thee came,
As able vvere a stoutest *Heart* to tame.

106.

Famine feared.

A *Feare* (I say) of *Famines* scarefull *Fangs*,
Of piercing *Death*, by pining *Dearth* made hast;
With macerating, fierce and pinching pangs,
Our *Sins* fat *fullnesse*, *foulenesse*, to lay waste:
Their *Prouinder* from *pampered Colts* to take,
More tame and tractable them thus to make.

107.

Mighty & incessant Shewers of Raine.

God, to this *End*, did *send* vpon the Earth,
Such sad, incessant *Shewers* vnseasonable,
Whose rainey Influence did menace Dearth,
And (for our *Sins*, vnkind, vnreasonable)
Did poure vpon our *Corne-fields* most faire,
Fierce frequent *Floods* their beautie to impaire.

108.

Wherewith they (waxing to the *Harvest* vvhite,
And almost ripe and readie for the *Sickle*)
Were, all, so *drencht*, nigh *drown'd* (a pitteous sight)
With *Heauen-shed-Teares*, which did in streames downe-ti
That our glad *Hope* of *Harvest* iustlie left vs,
Sad *Feare* of *Famine*, thereof quite bereft vs.

109.

A dreaded *Deluge*, on vs therefore growing,
And vve with doubtfull *Danger* all-ſurrounded;
Huge *Shewers* of Raine from th'angrie *Heauens* flowing,
And all our *Graine* vvith *Raine* like to be drownded:
Then, not till then our heart the *Rods* ſmart felt,
Our *Rockey-hearts*, then into teares gan melt.

110.

Then like *ſtiffe-necked Iſraell* we did ſtoope,
Then our diſtreſſe forc'd vs to crie and call;
Then ſighes and ſorrowes made vs *drop* and *droope*,
Then vvere vve humbled and did humblie fall
Before *Gods Foot-ſtoole*, at his *Mercy-ſeate*,
And vvcepe and vvaile for our offences great.

111.

Yea, then (I ſay) our *King* religiouſlie
Publiſht, proclaim'd a *Faſt* throughout the *Land*;
Then, *All* were ordered in Humilitie,
With broken-hearts before the *Lord* to ſtand:
Mercie to craue and *Reconciliation*,
On true *Repentance* and due *Reformation*.

A generall Publike Faſt.

112.

And ſee (oh ſee and neuer ceaſe t'admire)
Gods infinite, ineffable compaſſion;
Readier to giue, than we are to deſire,
Yea, euen vpon appearance, ſhape and faſhion
Of *Penitence*, *Humility*, and *Feare*,
See, ſee how ſoone, He *lends* and *bends* his eare.

113.

No ſooner did our *Griefe*, his *Grace* entreate,
No ſooner did we, proſtrate, promiſe make,
Sin to forſake, but *Hee*, in mercie great,
His *wrath* forſooke, his *Kindneſſe* did re-take;
And on *bare-promiſe* (oh twas *bare* indeed)
He did no farther in his vvrath proceed.

114.

August 2. 1626. For why, *Behold* (tis worth an *Eccè*, trulie)
That *very-day* on which that *Fast* vvas kept,
Mr Burton, in his Popes Bul-baiting Whereon, the *Kingdome* vvas assembled dulie,
Wherein they *All* for *Sinne* sincerelie wept:
God graciouslie, the *Sluice* of Heauen did stop,
Immediatelie it ceast to raine, *one drop.*

115.

When *wee* gan *weepe*, the *Heauens* began to *smile*
Whe *wee* were *sad* and sorrowfull for *Sinne*,
The *Sunne* began to *laugh* on vs the vvhile,
As if, with vs, it n'ere had angrie bin:
The *Heauens* grim cloudie *Countenance* grevv cleere,
And did our *Hearts* with happie *Change* re-cheere.

116.

A sweet & strange change. From *That day* forward, euen That *very day*,
Most extraordinarie cleare and faire,
It constantlie continued, to display,
(Without least intermission) *Sun-shine* rare:
Till, by *Gods goodnesse* and his fauour great,
It banisht *Feare* and made our *Joy* compleate.

117.

Vntill (I say) our *Harvest* happilie,
Not onelie in *due season* was possest;
But (ô the *Lords* boundlesse *Benignity*)
Our *Barnes* were *All* vvith great aboundance blest:
A *Copious Croppe* of *euery kind* of *Graine*,
Did vnto *All men*, *Euery where*, remaine.

118.

And is thy God (ô *England*) so propitious?
So prone, so prest, vvith mercies to embrace thee?
Vnto thee still so louinglie auspicious,
With so sweet *Fauours* graciouslie to grace thee?
How *gratefully* shouldst thou such *Grace* repay?
How should thy *Heart* thy *thankes* expresse alway?

119.

O how much *care* and *Conſcience* ſhould be ſhew'd,
So many marchleſſe mercies faire to write
In dateleſſe *Rubrickes* of pure *Gratitude*?
And there to keepe of them perpetuall ſight.
And at ſo ſweet a ſight, amaz'd to ſtand,
Admiring *Gods great Loue* vnto thy *Land*,

120.

And in this contemplating *Admiration*,
To praiſe the *Lord* and promiſe faithfullie,
To walke more worthie of ſo great Saluation;
To hate, thoſe *Sins*, with zealous feruencie,
Which are the *curſed Cauſe* of all *this Ill*,
Which *force perforce Gods* anger 'gainſt thee ſtill.

121.

But, oh, & woe, I tremble to relate it!
O yet, not yet, doe *All theſe Mercies* moue thee;
And as for *Iudgement*, *Thou* euen ſeemeſt to hate it,
Nothing availeth to reclaime, reproue thee:
Thou neither wilt for *Judgements* or for *Loue*,
Forſake thy *Sinnes* or feare the *Lord aboue*.

122.

Well, if his *Rod* may not reforme thy *Riot*,
Take heed and tremble, for *Hee* hath an *Axe*;
Wherevvith he can thee quicklie quaile and quiet,
If thou in *Sinne*, vvilt *worſe* and *worſer* vvaxe.
And if his *Axe* be laid to th'*Roote* 'oth' *Tree*,
O then without redemption, vvoe is thee.

123.

Then, *He*, that vvith ſuch *Longanimitie*,
Hath ſtood and knocked at thy *hard-Hearts* doore;
Will ſtay no longer, but moſt angrilie,
As thou haſt grieu'd his *Spr'it*, *Hee'l* grieue thee more:
Then thou ſhalt crie but *Hee* will giue no eare
Becauſe when *Hee* did call, *Thou* wouldſt not heare.

Then,

124.

Then, maiſt Thou feare, leaſt in his high diſpleaſur
In ſtead of thy late dreaded *Dearth of Bread*,
He ſend a *Famine* feareſull, out of meaſure,
Euen of his *word*, whereby the *Soule* is fed:
Without which *Food* the *Soule* will ſtarue and die,
And be expoſ'd to vtmoſt *Miſeric*.

125.

Oh then I ſay (but, *ah*, good *Lord* forbid)
Our *Candleſtickes* being from vs ta'ne away,
Our *Soules* cæleſtiall *Light* would quite be hid,
Our *Feet* at euery *ſtep* would *ſlip* and *ſtray*
Into the *myre* and *Mudde* of odious *Errour*,
And we made *Subiects* of all woe and Terrour.

126.

Then, ſince we did our *Fathers ſtripes* deride,
Hee'l giue ys ouer to his *Seruants Rage*;
A *gap*, a *gate*, He (then) will open wide,
To let in *Foes*, whoſe *furie* to aſſwage:
Nought ſhall ſuffice, till they *Vs* quite deuoure,
And Captiuate our *Princes* to their power.

127.

O *England*, *England*, call to mind theſe things,
Recant, repent, thy great *Ingratitude*;
Ceaſe to incenſe Heauens glorious *King* of *Kings*,
Betimes returne, before *He* thee exclude;
Oh *yet* tis time, *now* then returne with ſpeed,
Before his *wrath* to *This* extent proceed.

128.

Returne, Returne, I ſay, Breake off thy Sinne,
Why wilt thou periſh, *Engliſh Iſraell?*
Oh, now, to ſue for *Sauing Grace*, begin,
To ceaſe from *Ill*, and trulie to *doe well*:
And which is *moſt* and *beſt*, obedient be,
To *All*, thy *God*, in *Ought* commandeth thee.

129.

And, what (ô *England* vvhat doth *God* require?
What ſpeciall *Thing* doth *Hee* from *Thee* expect?
O He hath *tould*, and taught thee his deſire
What *Sacrifice* his *Soule* doth moſt affect:
Iuſtly to deale, and Mercie to embrace,
Humbly to walke, before his ſacred Face.

130.

Iuſtice (I ſay) to Loue and doe what's Right,
To doe to *All*, vvhat *Thou*'d'ſt haue done to thee;
To haue a pious and a pitteous Sprite,
Wrongs to forgiue, as thou'dſt forgiuen be:
To walke before the *Lord* vvith Conſtancie,
And a pure *Heart*, in true Humilitie.

131.

To pay thoſe *Vowes* vvhich *Thou* to *God* didſt make,
In bitterneſſe and ſorrow of thy Heart;
That thou wouldſt Sin, yea *All* thy *Sinnes* forſake,
Yea, from *Sinnes Leaſt Appearance* to depart:
Sinnes *nauſeous Vomite* to euaporate,
And n'ere, with *Dogges*, It re-ingurgitate.

132.

To ſearch thy Heart, to ſearch and ſeeke, and finde
That traiterous *Achan*, *Sin-bane* of thy *Soule*
To pay and puniſh it, in *Its* due kinde,
The pride thereof to pull-dovvne and controule:
Thy ſelfe, for *Sin*, to iudge, condemne, arraigne,
So, *God*, thy *Iudge* from iudgement vvill abſtaine.

133.

That ſo, *thou* turning from thy *Paths* peruerſe,
Thy *God* from thee may turne his *Plagues* away;
And his vindicatiue *Verdict* reuerſe,
His heau'd-vp *Hands* from ſtriking *ſtroakes* may ſtay:
That thou returning to his *Courts* of *Grace*,
He may returne to thee with *Loues* embrace.

134.

That, as thou yerſt in *Sin* didſt take delight,
So, now thy *Loue* may on the *Lord* be ſet;
That ſo thou mai'ſt be gracious in his ſight,
Thy *Sauiour* hauing ſatisfi'd Thy *Debt*:
And by his *Merits* made *Redintegration*,
Twixt *God* and *Thee* for thy poore Soules ſaluation.

135.

Hee hath not dealt with *euery Nation*, thus,
Nor haue the *Heathen* knowledge of his Law;
He hath not lou'd *them*, as he loueth *Vs*,
Nor *wrought* or *ſought* ſo many vvaies, to draw
Them from their *Luſts* vnto his *Lore* and *Lure*:
As vnto *Vs*, *Vs* to protect, ſecure.

136.

For vvhich, euen *Theſe*, *All theſe* bleſt *Arguments*,
Theſe *good*, theſe *great*, theſe *gracious* ſignes of *Loue*;
For *theſe*, *All theſe* vnpatternd Preſidents,
Of boundles *Bounty*, Mercie from aboue:
A holy Life, an vpright Conuerſation,
And thankefull Heart is beſt retaliation.

137.

Theſe are the *Twins* that *wins* his *Loue* and fauour,
Theſe onely make a Compleate *Sacrifice*;
This *Franckincenſe* and *Myrrh* hath ſweeteſt ſauour,
Theſe make moſt aimable in *Gods Eyes*,
The *Perſon* and the *Preſent*, *Abel*-like,
And into *God*, new force of fauour ſtrike.

138.

The 5 Senſes.

This *Muſicke* in *Gods Eare* doth ſound moſt ſweet,
This *Picture* pleaſeth moſt his ſacred *ſight*;
This *ſauourie Meate* is for *Gods Palate* meet,
This *fragrant Poſie* doth his *ſmell* delight:
This *ſiluer-tuned-ſtring* to *ſtrike* and *touch*.
God moſt affects, beſides *Theſe*, ther's none ſuch,

139.

O then, that *Wee* had *Hearts* as full of *Praiſe*,
As *God* hath *Hands* full fraught with *bleſſings* ſtore,
O that our *Hearts* and *Hands* would ioyne alwaies
Gods *Goodnes*, *Greatneſſe*, duelie to adore:
Like *Jonathan* and *Dauid* faithfullie,
Two *individuall Friends* in Loyaltie.

140.

To publiſh and proclaime in *Verſe* and *Voyce*,
In *Words* and *Workes* the *Mercies* of the *Lord*;
With gratefull *Hearts* (Gods, onelie louelie Choice)
His workes of wonder trulie to record:
O that our *Tongues*, our *Hearts*, *Hands*, *Liues* and *All*,
In *Gratitude*, could be reciprocall.

141.

That ſo the *Lord* might ſtill more pleaſure take,
Daylie to *Loade* vs vvith his *Gifts* of *Grace*;
To Crowne vs with *new Comforts* and to make
Our *Nation*, th'only *Station* and prime *Place*,
Wherein to *ſhew* the *Sun-ſhine* of his *Loue*,
Whereon to *ſhewre* his *Bleſſings* from aboue.

142.

To make our *Land* the *Land-marke* and example
Of *Mercy*, *Plenty*, *Peace* and *Victorie*;
Vnder our Feet our *Foes* to tread and trample,
VVhich at his *Sion*, haue an *euill Eye*:
Out of their *Heads* to make the *Eye* to fall,
That *longs* and *lookes* to ſee his *Iſraells* fall.

143.

Meane while, Let *Vs* and all the *world* accord,
Let *Heauen* and *Earth*, and *Sea*, vvith vs combine;
Let all our *Fellow-Creatures*, helpe afford,
Let *windes* and *waters*, with vs all conioyne;
To *ſing* and *ſound*, to *preach* and to *proclaime*,
The *Lords victorious*, *euer-glorious Name*,

Let

144.

Let *Kings*, *Peeres*, *Prophets*, *People* ſing his praiſe,
Let *Old* and *Young*, Let *high* and *Low*, *Rich*, *Poore*;
Let *Fiſhes*, *Fowles*, and *Beaſts* his bounty blaze,
Let *Wells*, and *woods*, let *Hills and Dales*, adore
The ſacred *Name* of *God* our *Lord* ſupernall,
For *All* his *Mercies*, Temp'rall and eternall.

145.

Let *Men*, Let *Saints* and *Angels*, bleſſe the *Lord*,
And, *Him*, for euer praiſe and Magnifie;
Let *All* that is in *Heauen* and *Earth* record
The *Name* and *Fame* and matchleſſe *Memorie*
Of our *eternall-ternall* heauenly *Lord*:
Let *England*, and *All Engliſh-Hearted*, then
VVith *Mee*, bleſſe *God*, and ſay, *Amen*, *Amen*.

FINIS.

Gloria in excelſis Trin-Vni Deo.

Diuers

Diuers of DAVIDS *Pſalmes, According to the French Forme and Metre.*

Pſalme the 1.

1.

HAppie, thrice happie is *that* holy *Saint*,
Which doth *Himſelfe* with no bad Courſe acquaint:
Nor in the *wayes* of *wicked-workers* walketh,
Nor *Sits* ith' *Seate* of *Him* that proudly talketh.
But in *Gods Lawes*, *Gods Holy word* moſt bright,
His Soule doth *choicely*, *chiefely*, take delight;
Prizing *This Pearle*, aboue all Earthly *Treaſure*,
And, *Herein Night* and *Day*, planting his *Pleaſure*.

2.

Hee, ſurely *Hee*, iuſtlie compar'd may be,
Vnto a *faire*, a *fruitfull* ſpreading *Tree*,
Planted by *Springs* of *Grace*, *Fruite* (timelie) bringing:
Euer in *All-Things* bleſt, in *Goodneſſe* ſpringing.
But for the *rotten Roote* and *tainted Stemme*,
Of *wicked Workers*, 'Tis not *So* with *Them*;
For, when with worldly *Hopes*, Themſelues *they* flatter,
The *Winde* of *Gods Wrath*, *Them*, like *Chaffe* ſhall ſcatter.

The

3.

The *wicked*, therefore, (oh moſt wretched caſe)
Shall ne're be able to approach the *Face*
Of *God*, in *Iudgement*, and iuſt indignation;
Nor *Sinners* come into *Saints* Congregation.
For, *God* doth *like*, *allow-of*, much *reſpect*,
The *Wayes* and *Workes* of *All* his *Saints Elect*;
But, *Hee*, the *Paths* of *Peruerſe-Men* reiecteth:
Periſh they ſhall, For, *He*, them *All*, neglecteth.

Pſalme 2.

1.

VVHy did the *godleſſe*, *graceleſſe Heathen Crew*,
So *rage* and *raue* with furious Indignation?
Why did the *faithleſſe Phariſaicke Iew*
Striue to make *thriue* his vaineimagination?
Why did Earths *Princes*, *Potentates*, with Might,
So *bend* and *band*, Themſelues, with wrath appointed?
So troupe together, arm'd with deadly ſpight,
Againſt the *Lord* and *Chriſt*, his deare *Annoynted*?

2.

Let vs ſay *They*, (ah *fond* and *fooliſh* choice)
With our ſtrong *Hands* their *Bands* and ſhackling *Fetters*,
In pieces breake; And diſobey their voice,
And ſhake their *Yoke* from *Vs*, and our *Abettours*.
But *God*, whoſe habitation is on High,
On his cæleſtiall *Throne ſits*, *ſees*, *derideth*
Them and their *Counſailes*: And (then) angrilie
To Them, *Hee'l* ſpeake, when's Wrath on them reſideth.

3.

Then, to their *ſhame* and *ſorrow*, thus Hee'l ſay;
I, yea euen *I*, haue on My ſacred *Syon*,
Set and *Set faſt* my King, to rule, for Aye,
(On this bleſt Mount) *All*, which doe *Him* relie-on.
Now I will ſhew *Gods Counſaile* and *Decree*,

Which

Which *Hee*, to *Mee*, in Mercy hath expreſſed;
Thou art my *Son*, I haue begotten *Thee*,
This *Day* and in my *Kingdome* intereſſed.

4.

Aske of *Mee*, then, and I'le on *Thee* beſtow,
All *Pagan-People*, with their *Pompe* and *Treaſure*;
All *Crownes* and *Scepters* of the Earth below,
To *ſtoope* and *ſtand* at thy *Command* and *Pleaſure*.
Thou them ſhalt *manage*, *maſter*, *curbe* and *crush*,
As, with an *Iron-Mace*, with *Princely-Power*,
As, *Potters Veſſels*, *Thoſe* thy *Vaſſalls*, huſh,
Thy *Might* ſhall make moſt *meeke*, or ſoone deuoure.

5.

Be wiſe, therefore, ye Potent *Princes*, *All*,
Yee *Iudges* graue, be *prudent*, *prouident*,
In awfull reuerence, at *Gods Foot-ſtoole*, fall,
Serue *Him*, with *humble-Ioy*, moſt diligent.
With kindly *Kiſſes* (ſignes of *Homage* true)
Salute the *Sonne*, Leaſt his iuſt indignation,
Being ſoone enflam'd, *yee* meete *Death* as your *Due*:
Bleſt, then, are *They*, in *Chriſt* that ſeeke ſaluation,

Pſalme the 3.

1.

O Lord, what *Numbers* riſe
Of *armed-Enemies*,
With *wrath* and *rage* incited,
How many *furious Foes*
Mę compaſſe and encloſe,
Againſt *Mee*, *All* Vnited.
How many *ſay* and *ſweare*
My *Soule* to fright and feare
That *God* is from mę parted,
And that I am (now) left
Of *hope*, of *helpe* bereft
And ſhall be ſoone ſubuerted.

2.

But, *They* themſelues deceiue
My *God* will *me* ne're leaue
But be my ſtrong *Defender*:
My *Sword* and *ſhield* of might
My *Glory* and *Delight*
Thou, *Lord*, my *Life* doſt tender.
Therefore with *Heart* and *Voice*
I made the *Lord* my *Choice*
And call'd vpon *Him* ſolely;
And *Hee* in wonted *Loue*
Did heare *me* from aboue
Out of his *Mountaine* holy.

3.

I, thus moſt ſafely kept,
Lay-downe and ſweetly ſlept
And *roſe*, much recreated;
For, *God*, my gracious *Guarde*
Did 'bout me *watch* and *ward*
And me in *ſafety* ſtated.
Though, then, Ten-Thouſand *Foes*
Should me ſurround, oppoſe,
With *might* and *miſchiefe* armed:
I would not be affraid,
Nor any whit diſmaide.
For I could not be harmed.

4.

Riſe-vp, therefore, ô *Lord*,
Thy gracious *helpe* afford
For, *Thou* my *Foes* haſt foiled;
And broke the *Teeth* and *Cheeke*
Of wicked men that ſeeke
My *Life* to haue quite ſpoiled.
Thee onely, *Lord* therefore,
My *Soule* doth preſt adore
And praiſe for my *Saluation*:
Thou doſt thy *Folke* defend
And all good *Graces* ſend
To thy bleſt *Congregation*.

Pſalme the 4.

1.

O *Lord* my *God* my *Rights* defender,
O heare my call attentiuely
Thou of my *Liberty* art lender
And in *diſgrace* my *caſe* didſt tender,
Haue mercy (then) and heare my crie.
O Sons of mortall men why muſe you?
To turne my *Glory* into ſhame;
Why, fondly, vaine *deuiſes* chooſe you?
Why, forged, fained, *Lying* vſe-you?
And ſo *your-ſelues* deface, defame.

2.

Know *this*, and be thereof aſſured,
That *God* aboue in *Loue* doth chooſe
The man to *Piety* inured;
By his good *Grace* to be ſecured,
And will not his *Requeſt* refuſe.
To ſin, therefore, oh ſhame, oh ſhake-you
To ſcarch your *Hearts* moſt ſeriouſlie
Into your *Cloſſets* cloſe betake you
In Bed to *God*, petition make-you
With *ſilence* and *Sincerity*.

3.

Then, giue to *God* a bleſt *Oblation*,
A *Sacrifice* of *Righteouſneſſe*
A *perfect-Hearts Humiliation*,
And free from anxious *Dubitation*,
Truſt in the *Lord*, in *All* diſtreſſe.
Moſt men, for, *wealth* make inquiſition,
And *Goods*, as *Gods*, doe moſt embrace;
But, as for *Vs*, our preſt *Petition*,
Is, for a *free* and *full fruition*,
Of *Gods* bleſt *Beames* of heauenly *Grace*.

4.

For, *This*, *This* brings to *Mee*, mere *Pleaſure*,
My *Heart*, *Herein*, takes more delight,
Than *They* can find in all their *Treaſure*
Their *Oyle* and *Wine* in wondrous meaſure
Whereon they *plod* to *pleaſe* their ſight.
I being (therefore) ſafe ſecured,
Will reſt in peace and ſweetly ſleepe
Becauſe I know and am aſſured
Gods Goodneſſe hath me round-immured,
And *Hee*, *Hee* onely, will me keepe.

Pſalme 5.

1.

VNto my ſubmiſſe *ſupplication*
attend, *Lord* lend thy gracious *Eare*;
be pleaſ'd, be preſt, my voice to heare,
Regard from *Heauen*, thy *Habitation*
My *Meditation*.

2.

O hearken to my poore *Petition*,
my ſacred *God*, my ſoueraigne *King*,
for, onely vnto *Thee* I bring,
In humble, hearty, due ſubmiſſion,
My *Soules* Contrition.

3.

Lord, *timely*, let me be reſpected,
for, *timely*, I to thee will call;
betimes, ô *heare*, and *helpe* withall:
On thee I waite to be protected,
And ſafe directed.

For,

4.

For, *Thou*, ô *God*, all gods excelleſt,
in *Goodneſſe* and in *Faithfulneſſe*,
and loueſt not leaſt *wickedneſſe*,
With wicked-*Workers*, Thou n're dwelleſt,
But, *Such* repelleſt.

5.

Fond *Fooles*, *Thou* euermore reieƈteſt,
they dare not ſtand in thy bleſt ſight,
and all that doe in *Sinne* delight,
Thou, vtterly, ô *Lord* negleƈteſt,
And diſ-reſpeƈteſt.

6.

The *ſmoothing Flatterer*, *ſoothing Lyer*,
that calls *Good*, *Euill*; *Euill*, *Good*:
The *Homicide* that thirſts for *Blood*,
God will (in fine) confound with *Fire*,
In his fierce *Ire*.

7.

But, I will in thy Congregation,
in thy bleſt *Temple*, *Thee* adore;
and truſting on thy *Mercies* ſtore,
Expreſſe my Hearts *Gratification*,
With due Proſtration.

8.

Lord, *guarde*, and *guide*, and ſafe *proteƈt-mee*,
in wonted *Loue* from all my *Foes*,
their *Stratagems* and *Plots* diſcloſe,
In thy plaine *Paths*, ô *Lord direƈt-mee*,
And ſtill *affeƈt-mee*.

9.

For, in *Them*, *Eightneſſe*, *lewdneſſe* raigneth,
their *Hearts* are fraught with fraud and guile
their *Throate* a gaping *Graue* moſt vile,
Their lying *Tongue* no *Truth* retaineth,
But falſely faineth.

10.

Lord, therefore, let them quite be quelled,
let all their *Counſailes* come to nought;
deſpiſe, *diſperſe*, their *ill-workes* wrought,
For, *they* againſt *thee* haue rebelled,
And proudly ſwelled.

11.

But, Let all thoſe whoſe expectation,
is fixt on *Thee*, in *Thee* reioice,
and let thy *Loue* lift vp their voice,
In triumph and true admiration,
Of thy Saluation.

12.

For, *Thou*, thy *Saints* and *Sons* defendeſt,
and with thy *Grace* as with a *ſhield*,
to *Them* doſt *ſaf'ty*, *ſuccour*, yeeld,
On them, *Thou* all thy *bleſſings* ſendeſt,
And kindly tendeſt.

Pſalme the 6.

1.

LOrd, in thine *Indignation*,
And iuſt *exaſperation*,
Correct not mine offence:
And though, I blame doe merit,
Yet, let me not inherit,
My *Sinnes* iuſt Recompence.

2.

But, in thy *Mercy* rather,
Entreat *me* as a *Father*,
And mildly with me deale:
For, all my Bones doe quiuer,
My *fleſh* for *feare* doth ſhiuer:
My *ſoules Lord* (therefore) heale.

3.

My *Soule* is alſo troubled,
My *ſorrowes*, thereby doubled,
With inward *Griefe* and *Paine*;
But, oh good *God* be ſpeedy,
To helpe Mee, poore and needy,
Oh doe not, long, retraine,

In

4.

In wonted *Grace* be pleaſed,
To ſee my ſorrowes eaſed;
Returne and pitty take:
No *merit* in *me*, count-I,
But, for thy boundles *Bounty*,
And thy meere *mercies* ſake.

5.

For why? If *Death* once take-vs,
And *vitall-Breath* forſake-vs,
Thy *fame* we cannot blaze:
And in the *Pitt* infernall,
Who can extoll th'*Externall*,
And his due *Glory* praiſe.

6.

My *Soule*, with inward anguiſh,
In *ſighs* and *ſobs* doth languiſh,
And ready is to faint;
And, for ſweete *Reſt* and *Sleeping*,
My *Bed* euen ſwinnes with *weeping*,
Salt-ſhewers in *Singes* complaint.

7.

Through my inceſſant crying,
My *Heart* is oft neere dying,
My *ſight* growes dimme and old;
In high *deſpight*, *diſpleaſure*,
To ſee, in ſuch high meaſure,
My *foes*, ſo *bad*, ſo *bold*.

8.

But, now away ye wicked,
Which at *Gods Grace* haue kicked,
Be packing euery one;
For, *God* is pleaſ'd in *Pitty*,
To heare the dolefull *Ditty*,
Of my deepe *ſighs* and *moane*.

9.

The *Lord*, to my *Petition*,
Hath granted kinde admission,
And heard *me* from on high,
He did not onely heare me,
But graciously did cheare me,
And grant me full supply.

10.

And now my *Foes* are frighted,
Which *Me* so much despighted,
And causelesly did wrong:
They sodainely are wounded
And shamefully confounded
By *God* my *Guardian* strong.

Psalme the 8.

1.

Omnipotent *Lord God*, most great, most glorious
Whose noble *Name* and *Fame* is most victorious,
Aboue the *spacious, specious* Heauens high,
Yea, all the World throughout thy *præises* flie.

2.

Yea, euen by the *mouthes* of *Babes* most tender
Thou hast made knowne thy *might* and glries *splendour*,
And by their, *mouthes* hast stopt the *mouthes* of those
Which were both *Thine* and *Their* reuengefull *Foes*.

3.

And when I *see* (as *oft* I *see*, admiring)
The *Heau'ns* most faire, in all their rare *attyring*,
The splendent *Sun*, the *Moone* and *Stars* most bright
Those *twinckling-Spangles*, ordered *All* aright.

4.

Lord, thinke I then (as well I may, amazed)
Oh what is *Man*, whom thou ſo high haſt raiſed?
Or what's the filly *Son* of all *man-kinde*?
That thou art pleaſ'd to haue him ſo in minde.

5.

For, *Thou*, ô *Lord*, our good our great *Superiour*
To *Angels*, haſte *him* made, not much *Inferiour*:
And haſt him Crown'd with *dignity* and *Grace*
And in thy armes of *Loue* doſt him embrace.

6.

He is made *Lord* of all thy *Workes* of wonder
Hee, *ſolely*, *wholy*, is to keepe them vnder;
As, their *great-Maſter*, *Earths-Monopolite*,
To *crouch* and *creepe* at his moſt awfull fight.

7.

Oxen and *Flockes* of *Sheepe*, on *Mountaines* ſtraying,
And Beaſts in *woods* and *wildernesſes* preying;
Birds, *Foules*, and *Fiſhes*, which in th'*Ocean* play,
And *All* that there doe cut and keepe their way.

8.

Therefore (ô *Lord*) I muſt reiterate
Thy glorious *Name*, thy *Fame* perpetuate;
And *ſing* and *ſay*; of how rare excellence?
Is thy due *Praiſe*, through *Earths circumference*.

Pſalme the 10.

1.

WHy ſtandſt thou (ô *Lord*) aloofe from *Thine*?
Why art thou not more neere, propitious?
Oh let thy louely *Beauty* on vs ſhine,
Now at *this time*, a *time* ſo perillous:
Thy *Preſence* cheeres, thy *Abſence* troubles vs

For, *wicked-Men*, in pride, purſue the *Lowly*;
But, let their *Craft*, be their *confuſion* wholely.

2.

Of his lewd *Luſts* he hath a high conceit,
And thinkes his owne *Inuentions*, fine and faire
The Couetous accounts *Himſelfe* moſt great
Hold himſelfe *bleſt* and *beſt*, a man moſt rare:
But, *Hee* to leaue, neglect the *Lord* doth dare
His impious *Pride*, his *Heart*, ſo eleuateth,
God he forgets, on *God*, ne're meditateth.

3.

Becauſe his *wayes*, *alwayes*, doe proſper well
He (therefore) *Thee* and all thy *Lawes* neglects;
Becauſe thy *will*, his *wit* doth farre excell,
Therefore thy *Heſts* hee hates and diſ-affects:
Defies his *foe* which frendly *Him* corrects;
In *Heart*, he ſayes, no change can ouerthrow-me,
My *ſtate* no *fate* can fell, no *Feare* o'reflow-me.

4.

His *mouth* with *curſes* is both *foule* and *full*,
His *Tongue* is tipt with *fraud* and *flattery*,
He is moſt prompt, *Goodmen*, with *Guile* to *gull*,
And in his *Lips lyes miſchiefe* ſecretly:
And ſtill he trauailes with *Iniquity*,
For guiltles *blood*, he waites in priuie *places*
The Poore to *ſpoile*, into his *Toile*, Hee chaces.

5.

And like a *Lyon* lurking in his *Den*,
He *ſecretly* and *ſlily* ſpreads his nets;
To *catch* and *cruſh*, poore, ſilly, ſimple men
Whom, he by *craft* and *conzenage* to him gets,
And with his *ſmoothing*, *ſoothing*, on them ſets
Thus, multitudes of *Poore-men*, he betrayeth,
And, pittileſſe, on them he proudly preyeth.

6.

And then He *fondly, falſely*, ſayes in heart
Tuſh, God regards not, what we doe or ſay,
He hath forgotten or is gone a part,
Hee neither ſees, nor knowes our worke, or way:
Ariſe, therefore (ô *Lord*) make no delay,
Lift vp thy hand, let Ill men be diſtreſſed,
Guarde and *regard* the *Poore*, by them oppreſſed.

7.

O why ſhould bold blaſphemous *Imps*, moſt vile,
Falſelie affirme that *thou* regardeſt not?
Yet *Thou* doſt *ſit* and *ſee* and at them *ſmile*,
And pai'ſt their *Vice* with *Vengeance*, their iuſt *Lot*:
But friendleſſe *Orphans*, thou haſt not forgot;
And ſince, they *ſolely, wholy, Thee* rely-on,
Thou'lt be their *Helper*, from thy ſacred *Syon*.

8.

Pernicious and *malicious* men conuince,
Their *Armes* and *Harmes*, their *fraud* and *force* deſtroy;
For, *Thou* art our eternall *Lord* and *Prince*,
Let not the *Heathen*, thy ſweet *Land* enioy;
Lord heare the *Poore* and *cleare* them from annoy:
Yea, thou doſt *heare* and *helpe*, at need doſt render,
And right the wrong of *Poore* and *Orphans* tender.

Pſalme the 15.

1.

O *Lord* of *Loue* what *Man* ſhall reſt,
Within thy *Tabernacle*?
Or, who (ô Lord) ſhall be ſo bleſt?
Of *Syon-Hill* to be poſſeſt
For's happy *Habitacle*.

2.

The *Man* whoſe gracious *Guide* thou art,
In *Paths* of ſure *Sincerity*;
Whoſe *wordes* and *workes*, whoſe *Hand* and *Heart*
In equall *ballance* beare a part,
Whoſe *Tongue* ſpeakes all pure *Verity*.

3.

Who takes no pleaſure or delight
In falſe *Calumniations*;
Who, in *Himſelfe*, doth not backbite,
And ſuffers *none*, his *friend* to ſmite,
By forged *Defamations*.

4.

Who doth *condemne*, *contemne*, deſpiſe,
The *proud*, *profane*, malicious;
But, in his heart doth *praiſe* and *prize*
The, *Godly*, *Gracious*, *Graue*, and *wiſe*,
And is, to *Theſe*, propitious.

5.

Who *Payes* (though to his preiudice)
Things promiſ'd, or proteſted:
Who hates *Vſurious-Auarice*,
Who *loues* all *Vertue*, *loathes* all *Vice*;
Shall be in *Heauen* inueſted.

Pſalme the 23.

1.

Iſr'ells great *Shepheard* is my *Shepheard* kinde,
In him (therefore) *All* needfull things I finde;
Corporall *Comforts*, *aliment* externall,
Spirituall *Dainties*, *Manna*, *Food* ſupernall:
In *Fields* Hee *foulds* Mee, full of tender *Graſſe*,
Where *ſiluer-ſtreames* doe ſmoothlie, ſweetly paſſe.

And,

2.

And, when my *Soule* with *ſorrow* ſeemes depreſt,
The Lord re-cheeres *It*,, with ſweet *Peace* and *Reſt*,
And me with *Rules* of *Righteouſneſſe* inſtructeth,
And me (in *Goodenſſe*, graciouſly conducteth:
So that in *Deaths* dire *Dale* I walke ſecure,
Thy *Rod*, thy *Staffe*, ſupporting *Mee* moſt ſure.

3.

And, maugre all the *malice* of my *foes*,
My *Cuppe*, with *All* choice *Bleſſings* ouerflowes,
My *Table* is with *Dainties* well appointed,
My *Head* with *Oyle* of *Gladneſſe* is annointed:
And, all my daies, *Gods Grace* ſhall *me* defend,
And in his *holy-Houſe*, my *Life* I'le ſpend.

Pſalme the 51.

1.

OH, *Euerliuing*, *Euerlouing Lord*,
Compaſſionate *Mee* wicked *Wretch* of *Wretches*,
And in thy *Mercies* boundles, endleſſe Riches
Remit, remoue my *Sin*, thy *Loue* afford:
Oh waſh and *wench* and *drench* and clenſe my *Soule*,
From this my crying *Crime*, my fact moſt bloody,
Which, in *Sins ſlime*, and *puddle* myrie, muddy,
My *Soule* with *ſoyle*, hath made both *full* and *foule*.

2.

Deſerued *ſhame* and *ſorrow*, me compell,
To make *patheticall complaint*, *confeſſion*,
And, to *recount*, *recant*, my groſſe *tranſgreſſion*
Which in my *preſence*, *preſent*, ſtill doth dwell.
Againſt *Thee Lord*, againſt *Thee* moſt of might,
I, *ſurely*, *ſorely*, *ſolely*, haue offended
If *Thou* (therefore) 'gainſt *Me*, *All-Plagues* had'ſt bended,
Yet, had thy *Deome* bin *duly*, *truly*, right,

3.

In Sin (alas) I was both *Borne* and *Bred*,
From *Parents paps*, the *milke* of *ſin*, I ſucked,
And from their *Loines*, the *ſeeds* of *ſin* haue plucked,
And, ſtill, on *weeds* of *wickedneſſe* haue fed.
But, *Thou* (ô *Lord* of *Truth* and *Right*,
Doſt like and loue *plaine Truth* in pure *affection*,
And in *me* haſt infuſ'd, for my direction,
Internall *Wiſedome*, my beſt *Light*, *Delight*.

4.

With *Mercyes-Hyſop*, purge and purifie,
My *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule Heart*, moſt blackly blotted,
Waſh *me*, oh waſh *me*, all with *ſinne* beſpotted;
So ſhall I paſſe white *Snow* in *Purity*.
So ſhall I *re-enioy* a *ioyfull* Voice,
My *Maladie*, to *Melodie* be turned:
My broken *Bones*, which haue, with *Groanes*, euen burned,
For *Tones* of *Moane*, in *Tunes* of *Mirth* reioyce.

5.

Oh, no more *chide*, but *hide* thy frowning Face,
From *This* my *hainous*, *hideous*, *horrid Errour*;
One-ſmile re-cheeres, *One-frowne* renewes my *Terrour*,
My ſinne from Thee, my ſhame from Mee (then) chace.
In me, *create*, oh *re-create*, I prays
A pure, a perfect *Heart*, an vpright *Spirit*;
From me *tranſplant*, what-ere thy *Wrath* may merit,
And in me *plant*, whatſ'euer pleaſe thee may.

6.

Oh doe not, as an *Abiect*, *Me reiect*;
Nor *Mee* from thy *Heart-Cheering Preſence* ſeuer,
Thy *Grace-inſpiring Spirit*, from me, Neuer
O *Lord* remoue, which ſhould mee (ſafe) protect.
Reſtore, *repaire* in *mee*, ſuch ſacred *Joy*,

As may aſſure my *Soule* of ſure *Saluation*;
In *mee*, let thy *free-Sp'rit* finde *Habitation*,
Mee to inſtruct; *Sin*, in me, to deſtroy.

7.

Thus, I *my-ſelfe* hauing thy waies well knowne,
Shall, *Others*, well *inſtruct*, *conduct*, therein;
Sinners, to *Thee Conform'd*, *reform'd* from *Sin*,
Thy perfect *Path-way*, ſhall, by *me*, be ſhowne.
Oh *quit*, oh *quite* remit my bloodie *Crime*,
O *God*, my *Soules* beſt *Guide*, my *Guardian* bleſſed,
My *Hope*, my *Helpe*, when I am moſt diſtreſſed,
So ſhall I ſing thy *Praiſe* in ſacred *Rhyme*.

8.

Vnlocke my *Lips* (ô *Lord*) my *Tongue* vntie,
(Thou keep'ſt the *Key* which opes and ſhuts, at pleaſure)
So ſhall my *Voice* in moſt melodious meaſure,
hy peereles *Praiſe*, make knowne and magnifie.
For, *Thou* haſt no *deſire* and leſſe *delight*,
In burnt *Oblations*, outward *Sacrifices*;
In *Hecatombes*, of n'ere ſo *precious-prices*,
Though *Theſe*, *all-Theſe*, to *Thee*, *I* offer might.

9.

But, Thou doſt *tender*, a moſt *tender-Heart*,
A *broken-Spirit*, full of true *Contrition*;
A Soule that *ſues*, and *ſhewes Its* due ſubmiſſion,
With *This*, *This offering*, *Thou* beſt pleaſed art.
To *Syon* (therefore) *Lord* propitious be,
Jeruſalems weake walls re-edifie;
Not for their *Merit*, but thy *Mercies* free,
So, we with *Hearts* moſt free, moſt thankefully,
Shall, our *Oblations* to thine *Altar* bring;
Peace-offerings due to *Salems* peaceſull *King*.

Pſalme the 52.

1.

OF wicked *workes*, thy *Heart* intendeth,
Why vaunt'ſt thou, *Tyrant* vile?
Since *Gods loue* laſteth, neuer endeth:
Thy *Tongue* with *miſchiefes file*,
Like *Razor* ſharpe, doth deadly wound,
Fraud, in thy *Facts*, is found.

2.

Thy *Minde* all *miſchiefe* meditateth,
Thou wilt not walke vpright;
Thy *Tongue* vntruth, ſtill machinateth,
In *Lyes* is thy Delight:
With *wiles* and *Guiles*, & double-*Tongue*,
Thou, ready art, to wrong.

3.

Therefore ſhall *God* ſupplant, diſplace-thee
Out of his *Holy-Land*;
Finally, *fearefully*, deface thee,
Not ſuffer *thee* to ſtand:
The *Righteous* ſhall ſee thy decay,
And feare and ſcorne and ſay,

4.

This Man, his *Goods* as *Gods* adored
And on his owne ſtrength ſtay'd,
Gods helpe and *Ayde*, he ne're implored,
See (now) his *folly* paido;
But I, who truſted *God* my *King*,
Shall like an *Oliue* ſpring.

5.

For euer (therefore) I will praiſe thee,
My *Heart*, my *Verſe*, my *Voice*;
For *Theſe* thy wondrous *Workes* ſhall raiſe thee,
In *Thee* now to reioice:
Yea, in thy *Saints* moſt ſacred *ſight*,
For, *This* is my delight.

Pſalme the 53.

1.

THe faithleſſe *Foole* in *Heart* his *God* denies,
Their *Facts* are full of foule *Abhomination*;
Ill, is the *end* of all their *Conſultation*,
None of them will good *Actions* exerciſe,
All are vnwiſe.

2.

On *Man* below, *God* look'd from *Heauens* high *Throne*,
To ſee, if *Any* wiſelie *Him* affected;
But, *All* were nought, *All* had the *Lord* neglected,
Goodneſſe was gone, *Good men* (alas) were *None*,
Oh no, not *One*.

3.

The wicked *workers* of *Iniquity*,
Know not, that *They*, like *Caniballs* deteſted,
As *Breud*, *My Peoples Fleſh*, haue eate, digeſted,
Not minding *Me*: And, when *no-cauſe* was nigh,
Feare made them flie

4.

The *Lord* hath broke thy bold *Beſiegers* bones,
And them deſtroied, which neuer *God* rely-on;
But, thy *Saluation*, out of ſacred *Syon*,
Giue, to thine *Ir'ell* mitigate their moanes,
Their *Sighs* and *Groanes*.

When God in *Goodneſſe*, and his owne *free-Choice*,
His *People Captiu'd*, *Captaines* makes, victorious,
And with firme *freedome* makes them glad & glorious;
Then, *Jacobs Heart* and *Iſre'ls* ſhall reioice,
With cheerfull Voice.

Pſalme the 55.

1.

LOrd looke vpon my poore *Petition*,
Hide not thine *Eyes* at my *Contrition*;
But, grant my *Suite*, my *Supplication*;
Attend, ô *bend* thine *Eares* to me,
My dolefull *cries*, my *ſorrow*, ſee,
Oh *ſee* and *ſend* me thy *Saluation*.

2.

For why, my furious *foes* take pleaſure,
To *vexe*, *perplexe* me without meaſure;
The *wicked* worke me *vile-vexation*:
With moſt malicious *madneſſe*, They
Foule *blots* and *ſpots* vpon me lay,
With much *deſpight*, much *Moleſtation*.

3.

My *Soule* with *feare* doth faint and tremble,
The *paines* and *pangs* of *Death* aſſemble,
And *me* (ô *me*) haue ſo ſurrounded;
That *dreadfull*, *direfull* ſhiuerings make;
My heart, each vitall Part, to quake;
In woe I am *mound-vp* and *wounded*.

4.

Then, thus I wiſht, with *ſorrow* ſtinged,
Oh that I were with *Doue-wings*, winged;
Swiftly to flie, *ſweetly* to eaſe mee;
Oh then I would fly farre away,
Then would I in ſome *Deſert* ſtay,
This, in *this caſe*, would ſomewhat eaſe mee.

5.

Then from theſe *Stormes* and *Blaſts* loud-blowing,
Faſt would I flie, ſwiftlie be going;
Timelie to ſeeke ſome ſafe *Protection*;
Their *Tongues* (ô *Lord*) diuide, forth-pull,
For, I haue ſeene their *Cities*, full
Of *Rage* and *Wrongs* moſt foule *Infection*.

6.

VVith *wickedneſſe*, like *walls*, tis cloſed,
Within, *without*, of *Sinne* compoſed,
They, *Day* and *Night* are 'bout it walking:
All *Guilt* and *Guile* are in their *ſtreets*,
Deceit, *Debate*, (*There*) ſlilie greets,
There, *ſinne*, and *ſhame* are ſtoutlie ſtaulking.

7.

Had *open-Enemies* thus vſ'd-me,
Or had my *foe*, I know abuſ'd-mee;
I could, their wrong haue *ſhun'd* or *ſhielded*;
But it was *Thou*, my *Boſome-friend*,
VVhich *friendſhip*, *fauour*, didſt ptetend,
Whoſe *company* much *comfort* yeelded.

8.

VVith whom in *Publike*, *priuate* talking,
Abroad, *At-home* I oft was walking,
And *frequently Gods Houſe frequented*:
Since (therefore) *craft* and *miſchiefe* dwels,
VVithin their *Citties* and their *Cels*,
Let them be with *Hells-plagues* tormented.

9.

But *I*, with *Hearts* low conſternation,
VVill call to *God* my *Soules* ſaluation,
For, *He* will ſoone *ſuccour* and *ſaue me*:
At *Morning*, *Euening*, and *Noone-tyde*;
When inſtantlie to *God I* cride,
He heard, and what *I* crau'd, He gaue me;

10.

Though, *warres* and *farres* me ſore aſſailed,
Yet, 'gainſt *me* haue they not preuailed,
For *Heauens Angellicke-Hoaſte* ſtood by me;
The *Lord* that raignes both *firſt* and *laſt*,
Shall *Me lift-vp* and *Them Downe-caſt*,
His *mercy* he will nere denie-me.

11.

Becauſe they ſee no *change*, *miſchances*,
Becauſe their *fate*, their *ſtate* aduances,
Therefore they haue the *Lord* neglected:
On *friends* they lay iniurious *Hands*,
Of *friendſhip*, they doe breake the *Bands*,
To be *Peace-Breakers* moſt affected.

12.

With *ſmoothing*, *ſoothing*, *Honey-ſpeeches*,
With *crouching*, *creeping* ſlie *beſeeches*,
Their *Hearts* of *Gall*, like *ſwords* haue wounded:
But, caſt thy *Care* vpon the *Lord*,
For, Hee *ſweet ſuccour* will afford,
The *Iuſt* ſhall *neuer* be confounded.

13.

Blood-thirſty-Homicides pernicious
Deceitfull-Juglers, ſliely vicious,
Thou *Lord* wilt bring to dire *Perdition*;
They ſhall not *liue-out* halfe their *Dayes*,
But, thy ſure *Helpe*, my *Hope* ſhall raiſe,
And I will truſt in thy *Tuition*.

Pſalme the 56.

1.

A Gracious *Guardian*, *Lord*, be *thou* to *mee*,
Leaſt I by wicked men ingulfed be,
Who *mee* with *warre*, inceſſantlie moleſt;
My furious *foes* each houre,
Addreſſed are *me* dailie to deuoure,
Huge *hoſtile-Heapes*, of *foes* moſt feareſull power,
(Oh ſupreme *Lord*, my ſtrong defenſiue *Tower*)
doe fight and me infeſt.

2.

When of my *foes* I was (at firſt) affraid,
To thee, ô *Lord*, alone, *I* look't for *Ayde*,
And on thy *mercy*, meerelie, did depend;
And did reioice in thee,
For, in thy *word*, as in a *Glaſſe* to mee,
Thy *promiſe* of *protection I* did ſee;
Therefore, of *fleſh* affraid *I* will not be,
For, *God*, will me defend.

3.

Mine owne *aduiſe*, hath dailie *ill-ſucceſſe*,
My *foes* alſo, full fraught with *wickedneſſe*,
Set all their *Thoughts* a *worke*, to *worke* me ill;
With ioint conſent they ioine,
And *ſecretly*, and *ſlily* they combine,
And priuatelie they prie to vndermine,
My *wayes* and *workes*, that ſo they may infine,
My *Soule* enſnare and kill.

4.

They *thinke* (but *falſely-thinke*) they ſhall eſcape,
And though they *ſwimme* and *ſwell* in *Sin*, they gape,
And fondlie dreame, after *Impunity*;

But, oh my *God* ariſe,
In *wrath* confound *thy foes*, *mine enemies*,
Recount, *record*, my many *miſeries*,
And *bottle-vp* the *Teares* of my ſad *Eyes*,
In *Records* let them lie.

5.

When *I* the *Lord* my *God* doe inuocate,
My *foes* in flight from me doe properate,
This firme, *I* find, for, *God* is on my ſide;
In *God*, *I ioyfull* truſt,
In him *I ioy* and in his *promiſe* iuſt,
Vpon his *word*, my *Selfe I* therefore thruſt;
And ſay and ſhall, *I* feare not *wormes* and *Duſt*,
For, *ſuch* is *Mans* beſt *Pride*.

6.

My *Vowes* (therefore) which *I* ô *Lord* haue made,
Shall *duly*, *truly*, vnto *Thee* be paide;
Praiſe will *I render*, *tender*, in thy *ſight*;
Eſpecially becauſe,
Thou haſt my *Soule* redeemed from *Deaths Iawes*,
And ſtaide my ſtraying *feete* from *Errours* clawes;
That ſo I *might*, *vpright*, walke in thy *Lawes*,
With *ſuch* as liue in *Light*.

Pſalme the 101.

1.

OF *Mercy* and of *Iudgement*, I am writing,
Thy moſt due *Praiſe*, my *Laies* are now inditing;
For vnto *thee* (ô Lord) alone belongs,
Such *Pſalmes*, ſuch *Songs*

2.

In prrfect *wayes* my *feete* ſhall walke preciſely,
And I, at home, my *workes* will order wiſely,
Vntill my *Soule* ſincere, aproach thy *ſight*,
All-bleſt, *all-bright*,

3.

By me, bad *workes* ſhall not be imitated,
By me, *Back-ſliders Actions*, euer hated'
Theſe, All of theſe, my *Hearts* ſhall quite diſdaine,
refuſe, refraine.

4.

My vpright *Soule* ſhall neuer be acquainted,
With *wicked men*, whoſe *workes* with *ſin* are tainted;
From me, a *Peeuiſh* and a *peruerſe heart*,
Shall *packe*, ſhall *part*.

5.

Back-biters Tongues that with wickedly haue wounded
Neighbours Good name, by *me* ſhall be confounded;
I neuer could a *ſupercilious looke*,
Once *beare*, once *brooke*.

6.

Mine *Eyes* of *Loue* ſhall euer be reflected,
On *faithfull-men*, to be by me protected;
With *me* The *man* that liues religiouſlie,
Shall *Liue* and *Dye*.

7.

A *Fellow* fraught with fly *Diſſimulation*,
Shall neuer haue, with me, *cohabitation*;
A *Lyer*, from my *Preſence, preſently*,
Shall *fall*, ſhall *fly*.

8.

I will deſtroy (and that, with *Expedition*)
All *wicked-wilfull-workers* of *Tranſgreſſion*;
Not *one* of *Theſe*, in *Gods* moſt *Holy-Land*,
Shall *ſtay*, ſhall *ſtand*.

Pſalme the 103.

1.

MY *Soule*, laud thou the *Lord* of thy ſaluation,
And be thou fill'd with humble exultation;
Praiſe him, my *Heart*, and euery *part* within:
O praiſe the *Lord*, for all his *Guifts* be gratefull,
Which *hides* and *heales All* thine *offences* hatefull,
Enormities, Deformities, of *Sin*.

2.

Whoſe *Loue*, my *Life* from dreadfull *Death* protecteth,
Who *me* with matchleſſe mercie ſtill affecteth,
Who hath *me fild* and *fraught* with *All* good things:
Whereby my youthfull *yeares* ſeeme freſh renewed,
Like *Eagles*, hauing their old *Bills* eſchewed,
Gods iuſtice to th'oppreſſed, *comfort* brings.

3.

His *Paths* and *Precepts*, *Moſes* well hath learned,
His wondrous *workes*, his *Iſr'll* cleere diſcerned;
The *Lord*, is like a *Fountaine* full of *Grace*;
Moſt *ſlow* to *wrath*, moſt *ſwift* to *loue* and *fauour*,
Moſt readie to *remit remiſſe Behauiour*,
He chides not long, nor to his *Ire* giues place.

4.

Our *ill-wrought workes*, he hath not *ill-rewarded*,
Nor with *ſins* due our *ſinning-Soules* regarded;
But, As *Heauens* bright *ſtarre-glorious Curtaine* faire,
Is, in *vnknowne*, *vnſhowne*, *Sublimity*,
Full diſtant from *Earths* deepe *Profunditie*;
So, to his *Saints*, much more his *mercies* are.

5.

God doth *remit* to *vs*, our foule *offences*,
God doth *remoue* from *Him* our *negligences*,
Euen *full* as farre as th'*Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*;
And, as a *Father*, to his *Child* extendeth,
Paternall *Pitty*, though he *Him* offendeth;
Like *Loue*, the *Lord*, hath to his *Saints* expreſt.

6.

For, *God*, the great *Creator* of each *Creature*,
Doth know our *mould* our *faſhion* and our *feature*;
His *All-ſeeing Eye* doth *ſpy-out* euery *part*;
How *fickle* and how *brittle* is our *Nature*,
How ſoone caſt downe in our moſt *ſtable ſtature*,
Once ſtrooke with *Deaths All-chilling*, *killing Dart*;

Hee

7.

Hee alſo knowes that *Man* is altogether,
Like *Graſſe* or *Hay*, which inſtantlie doth wither;
Such is his *Time*, *ſuch* his *condition* true:
And that the *fragrant-flower* which ſhewes moſt brightlie,
Our fading *Perſon perſonateth*, rightlie,
Now *faire*, now *foule*, diſpell'd like *mornings Dew*.

8.

For, As when mightie *ſtormes* doe *blow* and *bluſter*,
Vpon faire *flowers* and *Bloſſomes* in their *cluſter*;
They *fall* and *fade*, and are not (after) ſeene:
So, is *mans* faireſt *forme transformed* quicklie,
Aſſaulted, by diſtemp'ring *Tumours* ſicklie,
And *now* He *fades*, who *yerſt* was *freſh* and *greene*.

9.

But, as for *God* his *Goodneſſe*, aye, remaineth,
And his deere *Childrens Childrens ſtate* ſuſtaineth,
Euen *All* that worſhip him Religiouſlie:
Which in their *Breſts*, his *Hoſts* and *ſtatutes* treaſure,
And *trulie* know and *duly* doe his *pleaſure*,
With *Hand's* and *Hart's* intact *Integrity*.

10.

Within the azure *ſtarry-skye* ſupernall,
The *Lord* hath plac'd his *Regall-Throne* eternall,
And rules the *world* by his *Emperiall-might*,
Yee potent *Angels*, who are moſt obedient,
To *worke* his *will* in *All-Things*, moſt expedient,
Publiſh, proclaime, his *Honours* glorious *Right*.

11.

O ye his *Hoaſts*, moſt valiant, moſt victorious,
Officious *Seruants*, Praiſe his *Name* all-glorious;
You, which are *preſt*, *addreſt*, to doe his will:
Let *All* his *workes*, in *Euery-place* applaud-Him,
Yea, let my *Heart*, my *Minde*, my *Spirit*, Laud-Him,
And *All*, within me, *prize* and *praiſe Him*, ſtill.

Pſalme the 105.

1.

O Laud the *Lord* with *Inuocation*,
Amidſt his holy *Congregation*;
Shew-forth his *Workes*, *ſet-forth* his *Fame*:
Sing *praiſe*, ſing *praiſe*, vnto his *Name*,
And let the *Heart*, the *Tongue* and *Voice*,
Of *Them* that loue the *Lord*, reioyce.

2.

O ſeeke the *Lord* our *God* eternall,
O *ſeeke* and *ſearch* his *Power* ſupernall;
O *ſeeke* and *ſue* to come in ſight,
Of his moſt louely *Beauty* bright;
Of his moſt aimable *Face*,
Full of refulgent heauenly *Grace*.

3.

Keepe ſtill in due *Commemoration*,
Recount with true *gratification*,
The wondrous *Workes* which *God* had done:
By famous *facts*, His *Honour* wonne,
Let not his *Iudgements* iuſt depart,
From your moſt *mindfull*, *thankfull Heart*.

4.

Ye ſacred *Sonnes* re-generated,
Ye *Saint-like Seed*, firſt propagated,
From *Abraham*, *Gods* Seruant deare:
Which, *Him* in *Faith* doth loue and feare,
Ye *Sonnes* of *Jacob*, his *Delight*,
Extoll the *Lords maieſticke Might*:

For,

5.

For, *Hee* which ſafely *Vs* preſerueth,
He onely, of *Vs* beſt deſerueth,
To be our *Lord* and *Soueraigne* bleſt:
Hauing apparently expreſt,
His *Iudgements* iuſt, his *Equity*,
Which all the *World* can teſtifie.

6.

What he hath *promiſ'd* and *proteſted*,
To *All* that on his *Promiſe* reſted,
Euen to his *Saints*, a *Thouſand-fold*;
Which, on *Him*, with *Faiths-Hand* lay-hold,
Vnto his euerlaſting *Praiſe*,
His *Word* he hath *made good* alwayes.

7.

Euen, *That* bleſt *Promiſe* once compacted,
That Cou'nant-good, once, præ-contracted,
To *Abraham* and *Iſaacs Seed*;
And ſo to *Iacob* was decreed,
And vnto *Iſr'ell* ſtabliſht ſure,
To *Times* laſt period to endure.

8.

When, in theſe *words* the *Lord* affirmed,
And (thus) to *Thoſe*, his *Truth* confirmed,
Behold, I *Canaan*, freely giue,
To *you*, and *yours*, therein to liue;
The *Lot* of your *Inheritance*
My *Name* and *Fame* (their) to aduance.

9.

And, though the number of *that Nation*,
Was, yet of *ſlender* valuation,
Did, *yet*, but very *ſmall* appeare:
When (thus his *Loue* eſteem'd *Them* deare,
And that, Beſide their *Number ſmall*,
They, in the *Land* were *Strangers-All*.

Walking

10.

Walking from *Nation* vnto *Nation*,
Without all settled *Habitation*,
Now *Heere*, now *There*; Conducted still,
By their *all-prudent Pilots* will;
Who suffered *No-man wrong* to take,
But plaug'd great *Princes* for their sake.

11.

And, where they came, *Thus*, charg'd, appointed,
Let *None* offend *My deare-Annointed*,
Nor vse my *Prophets* spightfullie!
For, *These* are precious in mine *Eye*;
Fierce *Famine* (then) the *Land* ore-laide,
Whereby Their *Staffe* of *Bread* decaide.

12.

But, *God*, good *Ioseph*, then ordained,
By whom (fore-sent) They were sustained,
Though thither, *He* a *Slaue* were sould:
Though *Foes* in fetters, *Him* did hold,
Vntill, in *Heauens* appointed time,
God heard his *Cause*, clear'd him of *Crime*.

13.

Pharao him found a faithfull *Luser*,
And *him* from *Prison* did deliuer,
Th'*Egyptian King* was to him kinde:
And in him did such *wisedome* finde,
That of his *Kingdome* and whole *state*,
He made *Him Lord*, prime, *Potentate*.

14.

That *All* his *Peeres* might be instructed,
And to his *Lore* and *Lure* conducted,
His *Senators* by *Ioseph* taught:
Then *Jacob* was to *Egypt* brought,
I'th' *Land* of *Ham* (then) *Israell*,
Did as a harbour'd *Stranger* dwell.

His

15.

His *flocke* his *ſtocke* (there) fructified,
And to great *Number* multiplied:
And, thus their *foes* did farre tranſcend:
Which inly did their *foes* offend,
Which turn'd their *Loue* to *Hatred* great,
Their *Smiles* to *Guiles* and ſlie *Deceipt*.

16.

Milde *Moſes*, then, the *Lord* elected,
And holy *Aaron* much reſpected,
Both-whom to *Egypt* ſoone he ſent:
There to declare his great intent,
And in the *Land* of *Ham*, to ſhowe,
His *ſignes* and *wonders* to their *woe*.

17.

Darkeneſſe, ſtrange *Darkeneſſe*, his Commiſſion,
Did, them, obey, with expedition,
And ouer-ſpread *All Egypt Land*:
And by *Heauens All-ore-ruling Hand*,
Their *waters-All*, gore *Blood* became,
And ſlew all *Fiſhes* in the ſame.

18.

With croaking *Frogs* He them infeſted,
Their *Land* and *Lodgings* where they reſted,
Not ſparing *Pharaoes Chamber* neate:
He ſent huge *Swarmes* noiſome and great,
Of crawling *Lice* and ſtinging *Flies*,
'Mongſt their *hard-hearted Enemies*.

19.

Inſtead of *Raine*, *Haile-ſtones* he rained,
And with fierce *flames* of *fire*, them bained;
And thereby totallie ore-threw:
Vines, *Figtrees*, yea, *All Trees* that grew
Then *Caterpillers* did abound,
Great *Graſhoppers* their *fruites* confound.

20.

Their *firſt-borne Babes* he deadly wounded,
And ſtrongeſt of their *Land* confounded,
Yea, euen the *prime* of all their ſtrength;
And led his *Seruants* forth at length,
All, fraught with *Gold*, and *Siluer*, ſtore,
Not *One* was *feeble*, *faint* or *poore*.

21.

Th'*Egyptians Hearts* were then reuiued,
Being of their *Preſence* (thus) depriued,
Such feare of *Them* had broke their *Heart*;
And as they thns did thence depart,
A *Cloud* by *Day*, hid them from *Heate*,
Their *Guide* by *Night*, a *Fire* moſt great.

22.

At *Their* rebueſt, He, *Quailes* downe-rained,
With *Manna* ſweet, their *ſtate* ſuſtained,
Whiles, through the *Wilderneſſe* they went:
And then the rigid *Rockes* he rent,
From whence did *Floods* of *Water* flow,
To quench their *thirſt*, as they did goe.

23.

For, as he euer was delighted,
With *mindfulneſſe* of *Promiſe* plighted:
So (then) the *Lord* did mind the ſame:
And to his euerlaſting *fame*,
He brought them forth with *mirth* and *Joy*,
Whence, they had liu'd in dire *Annoy*.

24.

Yea, *ſuch*, to them was his good *Pleaſure*,
That, all the *Labours*, *Lands*, and *Treaſure*,
Of *Heathen-folke*, his *flocke* did take;
That they might not his *Lawes* forſake,
But faithfully obſerue his *Lore*,
Oh let vs praiſe the *Lord* therefore.

Pſalme 107.

1.

OVr good *GOD* euer-liuing,
O laud and magnifie;
For, *Hee* delights in giuing,
Good *Guifts* inceſſantly;
Let *Thoſe*, preach and proclaime,
Gods powerfull *Preſeruation*,
Whoſe fierce *foes* he did tame,
Freeing them from *Vexation*.

2.

Them, ſcattered, *He* collected,
From th'*Eaſt* vnto the *weſt*;
And brought them(thus affected)
From *North* and *South All*-bleſt:
Yeo, when in *Wilderneſſe*,
Bereft of *Houſe* or *Citty*,
They wandred in diſtreſſe,
He ſhew'd *Paternall Pitty*.

3.

When fearefully they fainted,
All pin'd with *Penurie*;
With thirſty *Drought* euen tainted,
And ready for to die:
With *ſorrow*, thus, o're-charg'd,
Heauens helpe they then implored,
Then *God* his *Loue* enlarg'd,
And them to *Ioy* reſtored.

4.

And from their *Deſolation*,
He led them like a *Guide*;

Vnto a *Habitation*,
Where they might ſafe abide:
Let thankefull *Perſons*, then,
The *Lords* great *Loue* be telling;
And to the *Sonnes* of *Men*,
His wondrous *Workes* excelling.

5.

For, *He* in bounteous *meaſure*,
The hungrie *Soule* hath fill'd;
And his cæleſtiall *Treaſure*,
On thirſtie *Hearts* haſt ſtill'd.
But *Thoſe* that doe reſide,
In *Deaths* darke *Habitation*,
Faſt fetter'd-vp and tide,
With *Chaines* of *Deſolation*.

6.

Becauſe they had rebelled,
Againſt *Gods Holy-writ*;
And gainſt his *Counſailes* ſwelled,
Eſteeming *them* no whit:
Yet, when his heauie *Hand*,
Had brought them in *Subiection*;
When they in *woe* did ſtand,
Quite fruſtrate of *Protection*.

7.

Then with much *Lamentation*,
Gods helpe, they did implore;
Who, from deepe *Deſolation*,
Did them to *Ioy*, reſtore.
And from the gloomey *ſhade*,
Of *Death*, where they were cloſed;
In *Iron-fetters* laide.
He powerfullie them loſed.

8.

He ſnapt their *Snares* a ſunder,
Their *Bolts* and *Barres* of *Braſſe*;

And op'd th' ir *Gates* with wonder,
To ſee the *People* paſſe:
Let thankfull *Perſons* then,
The *Lords* great *Loue* be telling;
And to the *Sons* of *Men*,
His wondrous *workes* excelling.

9.

Fond *Fooles* by their *Tranſgreſſion*,
And foule *Deformities*,
Are forc'd to feele oppeſſion,
And many *Miſeries*:
Their *Soule* in *Languiſhment*,
Sweet *Nutriment* diſtaſted,
In this ſad Exigent,
Euen to *Deaths* doore, they haſted.

10.

Then, *Ayde*, they impetrated,
In *this* their deepe *diſtreſſe*;
And were commiſerated,
And found a full *redreſſe*:
The *Lord* ſent forth his *Word*,
With potent *operation*,
Which, did them *Helpe* afford,
Vnto their *Soules Saluation*.

11.

Let gratefull *Men* be telling,
The *Lords* great *Goodneſſe*, then,
His wondrous *Workes* excelling,
Vnto the *Sonnes* of *Men*.
Let them with ioyfull *Hearts*,
Prepare a ſweet *Oblation*,
And praiſe *Gods* glorious *Parts*,
And *Workes* of *Admiration*.

12.

Such as vſe *Nauigation*,
In *Ships* to *Sea* being ſent,
With indefatigation,
Their *Marchandize* to vent;

Those men see and behold,
The *wonders* of the *Ocean*;
Gods maruailes manifold,
In *Sea's* most mighty *motion*.

13.

For, at his *Voice*, like *Thunder*,
The *waters* rise and rage;
Winds blow, *Floods flow*, with *wonder*,
Their *Surges None* can swage;
Aloft, they lifted rise,
That *Heauen* they touch, They thinke;
Straite plund'g in woefull wise,
They seeme to *Hell* to sinke.

14.

Then, *to* and *fro*, they tumble,
Like *men* in *drunken fits*;
They, *Art-lesse*, *heart-lesse* stumble,
Bereft of *Sence* and *wits*.
Then cry they to the *Lord*,
With loud *eiaculation*,
Who quicklie doth accord,
To send them *Preseruation*.

15.

For, at his *Becke* and *Pleasure*,
The sturdie *Stormes* lie still;
The *Waues* in wondrous *measure*,
Obey his *word* and *will*:
The *Mariners* thereby,
Are fill'd with *Joy* and *Gladnes*;
That their wisht *Hauen* they spie,
In *safety* free from *Sadnes*.

16.

Let gratefull *Men* be telling,
The *Lords* great *Goodnesse* then;
His wondrous *Workes* excelling,
Vnto the *Sonnes* of *Men*:
And let them laud his *Might*,
In the great *Congregation*;
And in great *Princes* sight,
Proclaime his sweet *Saluation*.

Huge

Huge *Waters-Inundation*,
He makes a *Deſert* drie;
And with ſtrange alteration,
Dries-vp *Springs* preſentlie:
And, for the ſinfull *Band*,
Of bad *Inhabitants*;
He makes a fruitfull *Land*,
Fruitleſſe and full of *Wants*.

18.

Againe, dry *wilderneſſes*,
Huge flowing *Floods* he makes;
And *dry-Lands He* redreſſes,
To *Springs*, and *Pooles*, and *Lakes*.
And, for Poore *People*, there,
Prouides an *Habitation*;
Where they may *Cities* reare,
With pleaſant *Situation*.

19.

Where, they infruitfull *meaſure*,
May ſow and *Vineyards* plant;
And ſo augment their *Treaſure*,
That *None* need liue in *want*:
And *God* doth bleſſe them ſo,
In time of *Peace* or *Battell*;
That they moſt *wealthy* grow,
In *Coine*, in *Corne*, in *Cattell*.

20.

But, when his *Saints* are wronged,
Diminiſht and brought low;
And, *what*, to *Them* belonged,
Are forced to for-goe:
Then, their proud *Enemies*,
Though *Princes*, He diſtreſſes;
And doth ſo blind their *Eyes*,
To erre in *Wilderneſſes*.

21.

Yet, out of all their *Troubles*,
Poore *Humble-Hearts* he frees;
Their *ſtockes* and *flockes* he doubles,
Like *Sheepe* or *Swarmes* of *Bees*:

The *Righteous* this ſhall ſee,
And ioy with heartie *Gladneſſe*;
But, *Bad-mouthes* ſtopt ſhall be,
With moſt malicious *Madneſſe*.

22.

Oh, who is godly, wiſe,
And free from wilfull *Blindneſſe*;
To *marke* and *memorize*,
The *Lords* great *Loue* and *kindnes*.

Pſalme the 123. Paraphraſed by way of thankesgiuing for our great deliuerances from the *Papiſts Pouder-Plot*.

King Dauid againſt the *Philiſtims*;
King Iames againſt the *Antichriſtians*.

1.

NOow may *England*
Confeſſe and ſay ſurely;
If that the *Lord*,
Had not our *Cauſe* maintain'd,
If that the *Lord*,
Had not our *State* ſuſtain'd;
When *Antichriſt*,
Againſt vs furiouſlie,
Made his proud *Brags*,
And ſaid, VVe ſhould *All* die.

2.

Not long agoe,
They had deuoured vs *All*;
And ſwallowed quicke,
For ought that *wee* could deeme:
Such was their *Rage*,
As We might well eſteeme:
And as proud *Floods*,
With mighty *force* doe fall;
So their *mad-Rage*,
Our *Liues* had brought to *Thrall*.

3.

Our *King* and *Queene*,
The *Prince* and *Princely-Race*;
Their *Counſell* graue,

All

And chiefe *Nobility*;
The *Iudges* wise,
And prime *Tribe* of *Leui*;
With all the prudent,
Statesmen of the *Land*,
By *Powder* fierce,
Had perished out of hand.

4.

The raging *streames*,
Of *Rome* with roaring noise,
Had with great *Woe*,
Ore-whelm'd *vs* in the *Deepe*:
But blessed *Lord*,
Thou didst vs safely Keepe,
From bloodie *Teeth*,
And Their deuouring *Fawes*;
Which as a *Prey*,
Had griped vs in their *Clawes*.

5.

We, as a *Bird*,
Out of the *Fowlers Grin*,
Escapes away:
Right *so* it far'd with *Vs*;
Broke were their *Nets*,
And *wee* haue scaped, *Thus*,
God that made *Heauen*
And *Earth* was our *Helpe*-
His *mercy* saued vs (*then*)
From these wicked *Men*.

6.

O let vs therefore,
With all *thanks* and *praise*,
Sing, ioyfully,
To *Christ* our heauenly *King*;
Whose *wisedome* high,
This *fact* to *light* did bring:
Grant then ô *Lord*,
We doe thee humbly pray,
We may accord,
To thy *Name* alway.
Amen.

Psalmes of Dauid his ſhall ſee,
Gladneſſ

Theodorus Beza,

In *Hiſpanorum Claſſem, Diuinitus* Ab *Anglis* profligatam. *Anno Domini.* 1588.

STrauerat, innumeris *Hiſpanus* Claſſibus *Æquor*,
Regnis inſcturus *Sceptra Britanna*, Suis.
Tanti huius rogitas, Quæ motus *Cauſa*? *Superbos*,
Impulit *Ambitio*, vexit *Auaritia*.
Quam benè, *Te Ambitio* merſit, Vaniſſima, *Ventus*,
Et *tumidos tumida*, *Vos* ſuperaſtis *Aquæ*!
Quam bene *Raptores Orbis* totius *Iberos*,
merſit inexhauſti iuſta *Vorago Maris*!
At *Tu*, cui *Venti*, cui totum militat *Æquor*,
Regina, ô *Mundi* totius *Vna Decus*!
Sic, regnare *Deo*, perge, *Ambitione* remota,
Prodiga, ſic opibus, perge, iuuare *Pios*:
Vt *Te*, *Angli* longùm, longùm *Anglis*, *Ipſa* fruaris;
Quam *dilecta Bonis*, Tam *metuenda Malis*.

Thus Engliſhed, by *I. V.*

PHillips huge *Fleete* did *Floate* vpon the *Maine*;
Lab'ring to linke faire *Englands Crowne* to *Spaine*:
Do'ſt aske, what *Motiues*, mou'd *Him* to *This Ill*?
Twas *His Ambitious*, *Auaritious will*.
VVell, was His *Puffe* of *Pride*, by *windes*, ore-blowne;
His ſwelling *Will* by *ſwelling waues*, ore-flowne:
VVell was His *Hope* of *Earthes* whole *Monarchie*,
Ingulf'd in *Seas* immenſe profundity.
But thou (ô *Queene*) *worlds-Wonder*, ſole *Delight*,
For *Whom*, the *Heauens*, *Earth*, *Seas*, *Windes*, *Waues*, doe fight;
Still *Rule*, ſtill *Raigne*, from ſoule *Ambition*, free,
Gratefull to *God*, *Helpefull* to *Good-men*, be.
That *England Thee*, *Thou England*, *Long* mai'ſt nouriſh
Foes to Confound, *Friends* graciouſly to Cheriſh.

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ENGLANDS *Hallelu-jah.*

OR,

GREAT BRITTAINES Gratefull Retribution, for Gods *Gratious Benediction.*

In our *many* and most *famous Deliuerances*, since the *Halcyon-Dayes* of euer-blessed *Queene ELIZABETH*, to these present *Times.*

Together, with diuers of Dauids *Psalmes*, according to the *French Metre* and *Measures.*

By *I*: *V*:

Psalme, 103. 1. 2.

Blesse the Lord (ô my Soule) and all that is within me, blesse his holy Name. Blesse the Lord (ô my Soule) and forget not All his Benefits.

Non est dignus dandis,
Qui non est gratus pro datis.

¶ Printed at London by *Tho: Purfoot*, for *Henry Seile*, and are to be sold at the *Tygers Head* in S. *Paules Church-yard.*
1631.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull his moſt worthy and highly honoured Friends, Sir *Hugh Hamerſley* Knight, and Mr. *Alderman Parkhurſt*, Two of the principall *Gouernours* of *Chriſts-Hoſpitall*; *I: V:* wiſheth the *Kingdome* of *Grace* heere, and the *Kingdome* of *Glory* hereafter.

THis *Poeme* (Right Wor:) being intended as a promoueing *Spurre* and *incitement* to that moſt excellent and amiable duty of *Gratitude*, of which, ſweetly ſayeth St. *Auguſtine*, *Quid melius animo geramus, aut ore promamus, aut calamo pingamus, quam Gratias? Hoc, nil breuius dici, nil ſuauius audiri, nec fructuoſius ab hominibus agi poteſt.* *What* (*ſayes Hee*) can wee better beare in our minde, or vtter with our tongue, or ſet-forth with our pen? than *Thanksgiuing*: a man can ſpeake *nothing* more ſuccinct, heare *nothing* more ſweet, nor doe *any thing* more aduantageous, than *This* of *Thankefulneſſe*. I, therefore (moſt worthy Sirs) knowing my Selfe deeply indebted to your Worſhips for many former *Fauours* and continued *Courteſies* to-

wards me, was duly incited yea stimulated to apprehend this fit and faire oportunity to intimate my long obliged *Gratitude*, by an humble *Dedication* of this small *Symboll* of my sincere *Thankfulnesse* to your good Worships. Which (had not the malignity of the *Times* prohibited) was intended for the yeere of your, as pious as prudent honourable *Maioralty* of *this Citty*, whose *Gates*, at this day, doe blesse you (as *Ierusalems* did good *Nehemiah*; Nehem: the 13. 22.) for your (then) honourable and godly care of the *Lords* sacred *Sabboth*. Accept (worthy Sirs) *I* humbly pray you, This poore *Presentation* of my obliged seruice (now) for, though it comes *lately*, yet it comes *loyally*; and from his heart, who, in all *due* and *true* obseruance desires most respectiuely to Rest.

Your good Worships, euer to bee commanded,

John Vicars.

To the Christian Reader.

SVch (good Reader) are the *Crimes*
Of these *graceles, grateleſſe Times*,
Such, mans groſſe *Ingratitude*,
For *Gods mercies* multitude:
So forgetfull of his *Kindneſſe*,
So poſſeſt with carnall *Blindneſſe*,
That we need, King *Phillips-Boy*,
Eu'ry morning to employ:
At the *Doore* of each mans *Heart*,
To performe th' *Aduiſers* part,
Long, and loud, and oft to cry,
Man, Remember God on high.
I, conſidering *This* great *Need*,
And, how *few*, thereto proceed;
Haue (for want of *One* more fit,)
Bouldly vndertaken *It*:
Euen a *Monitour* to be
To the Soule of *Thee* and *Mee*,
Dayly, duly to repeate,
Paſt, and *Preſent Mercies* great;
Counting it the *Queene* of *Labours*
To re-count *Gods* boundleſſe *Fauours*;
Wherein, if *Thou* giue conſent,
I enioy my *Hearts* content,
I obtaine what *I* deſire,

To the Reader.

Hauing kindled *This* bleſt *Fire*:
Which, thus, kindled, ô *I* pray
It may neuer dye, decay,
But, burne-forth, with *Zeales* bright *Flame*
To the *Praiſe* of *Gods* great *Name*:
This, *This* onely, ſeekes and prayes
Hee, that truly reſts, alwayes.

Thine in the Lord Ieſus,

Iohn Vicars.

TO HIS SINGVLAR good Couſen Mr. *IOHN VICARS.* The moſt Praiſe-worthie Authour OF *Englands Hallelu-jah.*

THeſe Lines *and* Layes, *once, twice,* * *againe, o're-read,*
Refreſht my Soule, *and raviſht haue, my* Heart;
So great Content *and* Comfort, *in* Mee, *bred,*
I could not chooſe, but to your-ſelfe, *impart:*
They haue Mee *chang'd, for* once, *& made mee* Poet,
Your Muſe, Nought-els, *that I do know, could doe it.*

* De repetita placebunt.

I'll Say *in* Proſe, *what you doe* Sing *in* Verſe
Moſt Chriſtianly; The Lord is to be praiſed;
And in a home-ſpunne Speach, I'll ſtill reherſe,
What you moſt ſweetly, ſoundly, heere, haue phraſed.
In this Angellike Song, *a part I Loue;*
And though I ſay't but Here, *I'll* Sing't * Aboue.

* Reuel. cap. 19. verſe 1.

Thomas Vicars.

To the Reader.

Hauing kindled *This* bleſt *Fire*:
Which, thus, kindled, ô *I* pray
It may neuer dye, decay,
But, burne-forth, with *Zeales* bright *Flame*
To the *Praiſe* of *Gods* great *Name*:
This, *This* onely, ſeekes and prayes
Hee, that truly reſts, alwayes.

Thine in the Lord Ieſus,

Iohn Vicars.

Englands Hallelu-jah.

1.

MY thankefull *heart* and *hand* doe vndertake
To write, indite, ſome holy heauenly *Song*;
Some ſacred Song of *Loue* and *Laud* to make
Which may to Englands Lord alone belong:
O that my Pen were prompt as that ſweet writers,
That ſacred, ſugred, Kingly Praiſe-Inditers!

2.

O, *euerliuing*, *euerloving*, Lord,
Father of Mercies, Fountaine of all Grace;
Whoſe noble *Name* and *Fame*, Heauen, Earth, record,
Glorious in Heauen, in Earth, in euery Place:
Who art farre fairer in thy beauteous praiſe,
Than is the Sun, in all his brighteſt rayes.

3.

Thou art moſt glorious in the Worlds *Creation*,
Wherein are various *Workes* of wonder ſhowne;
But, much more glorious in *Mans Reſtauration*, *Gods Mer-*
Wherein was *Mercies-Miracle* well knowne: *cies.*
Thy *workes* (ô Lord) indeed are wondrous great,
But yet, thy *Mercies* muſt haue ſupreme ſeate.

4.

The *Heauens* declare thy handy-*workes*, ô Lord,
1. The *Earth* is full of *Creatures* admirable;
To Man. The *Sea*, a Sea of *wonders* doth affoord,
Full fraught with Fiſhes, huge, innumerable;
But yet thy *Loue* to *Man* amongſt them all,
I iuſtly moſt admire, and euer ſhall.

5.

Man, out of *Duſt* (baſe duſt) at firſt created,
Yet after thy bleſt *Jmage*, bleſſly made;
Man, *Lord* of all thy Creatures ordinated,
Man, by them all, in Earth, Aire, Sea, obay'd:
Yet, *Man*, by Pride and Hells malignity,
Deprau'd of Bliſſe, *Depriu'd* of's Royalty.

6.

To *Man*, much *bleſt*, in his pure *Generation*,
2. To *Man*, moſt *curſ'd*, in his *Degenerous*-caſe;
To the elect To *Man*, beſt *bleſt*, in his *Re-generation*,
in generall. By *Chriſt*, *Mans* ſole *Peace-maker*, *Spring* of Grace:
To *Man* (I ſay) and of all *Men*, to *Thoſe*,
Whom, Hee, by *Faith*, to be his *Flocke* hath choſe.

7.

And, of all *Theſe*, to *Vs* his *Little-flocke*,
3. To *Vs* (I ſay) his *Engliſh-Iſraelites*;
To vs of To *Vs*, ingrafted, on, old *Iſraels ſtocke*,
England *in* And to *Our* Land of *Goſhen*; whom the frights
particular. Of forreine *Foes* and home-bred *Enemies*,
By *force* and *fraud*, haue, oft, ſought to ſurpriſe.

8.

Thy *Loue* (ô Lord) I ſay, to *Our* poore *Nation*,
Beſide *Spirituall-Graces*, largely giuen;
Thy *Word* and *Sacraments*, Food of Saluation,
The beſt *High-way* for vs to walke to Heauen:
Thy many *Temporall Protections* great,
From all the dangers, which fell Foes did threat.

From

9.

From all the *Terrours* of our Foes without vs,
From all the *Horrours* of our Foes within;
From all that roſe againſt vs, round about vs,
From *Truth*, to *Errour*, vs to worke and win:
This thy great *Loue*, our great *Deliuerance*,
This, would my gratefull *Voyce* and *Verſe* aduance.

10.

That (maugre all the *might* and *ſpight* of *Spaine*,
And *Antichriſtian Balaam* of *Rome*,)
Thou haſt and wilt thy *Churches* right maintaine,
And turne *Romes* Curſes to hir owne dire doome:
Bleſſing, whom he would *Curſe*, croſſing the hate,
Of *Spaines* proud *Amalecke*, that *Scourge* of State.

Balaam of Rome.

Amalecke of Spaine.

11.

And, as hard hearted *Pharaoh* and his *Traine*,
In Ægypt, by Gods fearefull *Plagues*, oft, ſmarted;
But, ſtill his *Goodneſſe Goſhen* did ſuſtaine:
And to *his* people *Light* and *Loue* imparted:
Propping, protecting Theſe with ſweet aſpection;
Cropping, Correcting Thoſe, with foule infection.

12.

Euen ſo proud-hearted *Antichriſt* of *Rome*,
And his *Crowne-thirſting Paramour* of *Spaine*,
Heauens, iuſt diſpleaſure hath with heauy doome
Oft, *foyled*, *ſpoyled*, with their impious *Traine*:
Our *Engliſh-Goſhen* being ſtill protected,
Such was his *Goodneſſe*, *So*, hee vs affected.

13.

Witneſſe, ô euer witneſſe, may thoſe dayes,
Thoſe *Malcyon-Dayes* of ſweet *Eliza's* Raigne;
Eliza, worthy *Englands* endleſſe praiſe,
That *Friend* to *Faith*, That *Scourge* to *Rome*, & *Spaine*:
All *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future* Ages *Glorie*,
Worthy prime *Place* and *Grace* in dateleſſe Storie.

Queene Elizabeth.

14.

By *whom*, the Lord so many *wonders* wrought,
To *whom* the Lord so great *deliuerance* gaue;
For *whom* in their owne *Snares* hir Foes he caught,
In *whom* his *Church* (poore *Church*) he oft did saue:
By wondrous, glorious, world-admir'd protection,
Such was to *Hir* and *Hirs*, Heauens firme affection.

15.

Bishop of Chichester in his Thankfull Remembrance.

Witnesse (I say) the *Treasons* ofte contriued
By *Westmerland*, *Northumberland*, and *Poole*;
Stukely, and false *Mendoza*; yet none thriued,
For Heauen did *see*, and *smile*, and *Them besoole*;
That impious person *Parsons*, Irish-*Sanders*,
Campian, *Romes Champion*, *All* full fraught with slaunders.

16.

Troupes of Traitors.

Creitons Torne-Papers, *Allines* impudence,
Englefields Plott, and *Rosses enterprise*,
Parries pernicious practis'd *Insolence*,
Sauages sauage plotted *Villanies*:
Babingtons barbarous *Treason*, *Percies Spleene*,
And Iewish *Lopez*, *All* to kill *That Queene*.

17.

Throgmorton, *Stafford*, *Stanly*, and *Tyrone*,
Implacable *Conspiratours*, were, All;
Like *Sampsons Foxes* tyde by th'*Tailes* in *One*,
All ranne like *Fire-brands* fierce to worke the fall
Of that rare *Queene*, *Christs Church* to ruinate,
As *Reuerend Carleton* sweetly doth relate.

18.

Romes Rhetoricke.

Some sought and wrought, with *Poisons*, *Pistolls* fierce,
With *Daggers*, *Dagges*, and such like *Instruments*;
Hir harmelesse *Heart* iniuriously to pierce,
Some by *Rebellions* aym'd at foule *Intents*:
All aym'd, amisse, and *All* did misse the *white*,
And *Law* and *Vengeance* payd them *All* their right.

But,

19.

But, if you'l see, *Sisera's* Pride at height
Against that English-*Deborah* most sweet;
And how the Lords strong Arme did for Hir fight, *Spaines*
Behold it in his *Eighty-Eights* great Fleet: *Armado.*
His great *Armado*, shipps most huge and tall, 1588.
Which, Hee, *Inuincible* did fondly call.

20.

This *Fleete* did *floate* vpon our *English Seas*,
With *This*, he had euen swallowed vp, in hope,
Our *Albions Iland*, Nothing, Lesse, could please
The hungry Appetites of *Spaine* and *Pope*:
And *This* fierce *Force*, and factious *Parts* within,
Promis'd, assur'd, they should the Conquest win.

21.

Thus *Phillip* hauing with insulking Pride,
On euery part, beset vs with his power;
Gaping (but fondly gaping) euery tyde,
Our Liues and Lands like Quicke-sands to deuoure:
Euen then, the *Wooden-walles* of *Jericho*,
The breath and blast of *Gods* wrath downe did blow.

22.

Then did the Lord, arise a Lord of Hoasts,
And all our Foes disperse and dissipate,
Then did he drench and drowne their *Spanish* boasts, *Mr. wardes*
And to vs did their *Captaines* captiuate: *Diffio, Dis-*
The raging waues their ships did sinke and batter, *sipo.*
And all their formidable Forces scatter.

23.

Then was our Englands *Deborah* most deare,
(By Gods all-potent power, all-patent Grace)
Made most triumphant ouer foes and feare,
Heauen did from *Hir*, proud *Sisera* quite chace:
The starres in order, windes, waues, seem'd to fight,
To vindicate hir *Innocence* and Right.

24.

Thus, for that time, th'insatiate thirst of *Spaine*,
Was quenched, to his cost and high disgrace;
Most of his mighty shippes spoil'd, sunke and ta'ne,
Those that escap't, crept home in shamefull case:
But spight of *Home-bred Traitors, forreine Foes*,
Eliza liu'd and dy'd a fragrant *Rose*.

25.

This was the Lord; Let thankefull hearts declare it,
For, tis exceeding wondrous in our Eares;
That yeere of *Eighty-Eight*, ô neuer spare it,
To blaze the praise of *That yeere*, all thy yeeres:
Let English Isre'll, sing and say all wayes,
Not vnto vs, but to the Lord be prayse.

26.

But, what? had *Romes* inueterate spight and spleene
King Iames. An *End*, with sweet *Elizaes* blessed *End*?
Oh no: *King Iames* succeeding that faire Queene,
Against Him, they their Plotts againe did bend:
The *Cause* continuing workes the same *Effect*,
And *Spayne* and *Rome* their *Dagon* must erect.

27.

Then, for th'aduancement of their Cath'like-Cause,
Watson and Clarke. *Romes* apish Popish *Priests* are firebrands, first,
VVatson and *Clarke*, encourage, with applause,
A Romish-proiect, Treason most accurst:
But, if you'll see a Mapp of *All*, in *One*,
Looke on their *Pouder-Plot*, oh There tis showne.

28.

A *Plott* of Treason, hatched, first, in Hell,
The Papists Pouder-Plott. 1605 No. 5. I meane the *Hell* of *Romish Hearts* most base;
Bred and brought forth, by *Men*, like *furies* fell,
Incarnate *Diuels*, onely *Men* in face:
Nourisht, and cherisht, by *Romes Man* of *Sinne*,
By *whom*, all Treasons *End* or else *Begin*.

29.

A Treaſon 'twas, tranſcending all compare,
Though *True*, yet *Strange* to all Poſterity;
Such, as whoſe *fulneſſe*, *foulneſſe* to declare,
Would ſeeme t'exceed the bounds of Verity:
Yea, no true ſtory from Earths firſt Creation,
Could ere relate ſo curſ'd a *Coniuration*.

30.

A *Prieſt* was *Prouoſt* in this foule deſigne,
Helliſh incarnate *Garnet*, this was He; *Garnet the Ieſuite.*
He prompts, prouokes, The Earth to vndermine,
And with *Gun-Pouder*, then, It, ſtuft muſt be:
Wherwith, King, Queene, Prince, Prophets, Peeres, & All,
Should with *One Blow*, haue had *One* fatall fall.

31.

The mixture of *Nocents* with *Innocents*,
Would nought availe; *All* ſhould haue drunke *One Cup*; *Nocents & Innocents.*
High, Low, Rich, Poore, None were impediments,
With *Pouder*, *All*, at *Once* had bin *Blowne vp*:
Hearts worſe then *Neroes*, voide of mercy quite,
Whole Kingdomes Heades, at *One ſtroake*, off to ſmite.

32.

But our ſupernall *Iſre'ls Shepheard* good,
Who neuer ſleepes nor ſlumbers o're his flocke,
Cloſe by vs (by his *Prouidence*) then, ſtood;
He *ſate*, and *ſaw*, and *ſmil'd*, and them did *mocke*:
Turning the *Counſell* of *Achitophell*,
Into mad *Folley*, Folly fecht from *Hell*.

33.

And, in the *Snare*, which they for vs had made,
Perillus-like, Themſelues were iuſtly ſnared;
Our Soules did by Gods goodneſſe, ſafe euade,
Whilſt They, amongſt themſelues, their miſchiefe ſhared:
Haman, and all his *Popiſh* impious *Fellowes*,
Were hanged, *All*, vpon their owne high *Gallowes*.

34.

Oh here were *Worke* for endleſſe Meditation,
To make the thankefull *Heart* breake forth in Praiſe;
With fire of zeale and holy exultation,
To liue, to loue, and laud the Lord alwayes:
His endleſſe, boundleſſe Goodneſſe to proclaime,
And cauſe our Childrens Children doe the ſame.

35.

But yet, ô *Engliſh heart*, goe one with me,
And taſte and ſee that God was yet more gracious;
His neuer-emptied *Hands* ſtill forward, free,
To fill thy Soule, with bleſſings, ſpecious, ſpacious:
Blacke-Fryers. To leane *Blacke-Fryers* fatall fearefull doome,
A *Type* of *Juſtice* on the Rabble of *Rome*.

36.

Whoſe circumſtances, (yet) conſidered right,
May iuſtly moue vs to admire the Lord,
In all his workes of wonder, grace and might,
And matter of much thankefulneſſe afford:
To ſee *Romes* forward *Pride* and Impudence,
By *Gods* owne *Hand*, receiue due recompence.

37.

Memorable Notes. *Nouembers* 5^t^. with *Vs*, Their *Pouder-Plott*;
Nouembers 5^t^. with Them, Their *Fatall Fall*:
In *This*, or *Tlott* or *Pouder*, there was not,
No Pouder. In *This* and *That*, *GODS Finger* ſeene to All:
No Plott. *This* to diſgrace, *That*, to deſtroy our Church,
But in *Them Both*, Heauen left them in the Lurch.

38.

In *That*, *They* ſought our guiltleſſe blood to ſpill,
But *Wee* eſcapt and *They* were paid with Blood;
In *This*, *Themſelues* were *Authours* of their ill,
Whiles *They*, our *Gods* and *Nations* Lawes withſtood:
Their woefull *Ends*, I meddle not withall,
For, *Both*, did to their M^r^. *ſtand* or *fall*.

39.

But, leauing *Them* (I say) to *God* most iust,
And yet most gracious, to true *Penitents*;
I, yet a little farther leade thee must,
To see Gods Loue, in yet more large extents:
That so thy, *Heart*, with *Dauids* may say well,
Truly the Lord is good to Israell.

40.

O whoso'ere had (not long since) but ey'd, 1625.
Of *True Religion*, the strange tottering *state*;
How *Hollow Hearts* ('mongst vs) swamme with the tyde, *Romish Foxes came out of their Holes.*
How *Popish Priests* durst boldly to vs prate:
Out-beard, out-braue vs, yea and to our face
Contest, contend, *Christs Gospell* to disgrace.

41.

Who ere (I say) did *This*, then see, did *say*,
Or (at least) *Feare*, *Religion* was nigh dead;
That all hir *Beauty*, almost buried lay,
Romish Recusants had got such a *Head*:
And, quite (all most) to let *Hopes Life-blood* out,
See, what, it pleased the Lord to bring about.

42.

Our (then) *Prince Charles*, our staffe of future ioy, *Prince Charles in Spaine.*
Now, vnder *God*, the *Crowne* of our Content;
Vnto our sodaine, *All-suppos'd* annoy,
From *Albion* faire, to blacke *Iberia* went:
Our *Day* was darkned with the *Fogges* of *Spaine*,
We quite dishearted, till it clear'd againe.

43.

Our *Pearle* of peereless price, was lockt vp fast,
In a polluted *Cabinet*, too-sure;
Ouer our *Sunne*, a *Spanish Cloud* was cast,
Which did our *English Light*, delight, obscure:
(Vnder pretext of a *mis-matched Match*)
Till *Matchiuill* of *Rome* and *Spaine* could hatch

Could

44.

Could hatch (I ſay) their *Egges* of *Policie*,
To winde and binde to *Theirs*, *Our Church* and *State*;
To weaue *Their Webbe* of *Europes Monarchie*,
Wherein, They (then) ſeem'd workemen fortunate,
So cunningly *They* had contriu'd each thing,
That *Hope* and *Hap*, ſeem'd *Both*, to Crowne them King.

45.

* *As, one most wittily did Anagramatize on the Name of Gondamore*

Spaines * *Romane Dog*, that ſly *Fox-Populi*,
With *Craft*, lay cloſſe, his *Egges* to heat and hatch;
His M^r^, on *Ambitions Horſe*, did hie,
No leſſe, than our *Great Britaines Crowne* to catch:
But, when *This* thought himſelfe ſafe ſet i'th' Saddle,
His haſte, made waſte, *Tothers Egges All*, prou'd addle.

46.

Gods Goodneſſe and Wiſedome ouer-matched Machiuil of Spain.

Our *God*, (good *God*) *Thoſe Machiauillians* great,
In their owne Counſels, ſtrangely did beſot;
His loue to vs, made them, themſelues to cheat,
What they had got, they ſtupidly forgot;
What they ſo long did long for, thirſt, affect,
Then, put vpon them, they did ſlight, neglect.

47.

O, heere, I cannot, but admire, adore,
The wondrous *Wiſedome* of the *Lord*, *alone*;
Oh, heere, I may not eaſily paſſe-ore,
The Contemplation of Gods mercy ſhowne
To *England*, happy *England*, in *This Act*
Of *Mercy*, wherein, *Many* are compact.

48.

Sauls Michol, Spains Infanta.

For, firſt, Had *Spaine*, like *Saul*, his *Micholl* wedded
To our deere *Dauid*, We had wedded bin
To many Woes, of *All-Wiſemen* (then) dreaded,
By falſe fain'd *Friends*, meere *Foes*, without, within:
What might *That Saul* haue car'd t'haue ſpar'd a *Daughter*?
Whereby he thought t'haue wrought good *Dauids* ſlaughter.

Some

49.

Some *Troian-Horſe*, by *Spaines Pelaſgan Art*,
With ſacred ſhew, our Kingdome might haue entred;
A *Spaniſh Fleet* (at leaſt) t'vphold the part,
Of vrged Reformation had bin ventred:
A *Fleet* (I ſay) full fraught with arm'd protection,
To bring the *Puritans* to due ſubiection.

50.

Againe, had *Spaine* ne're meant to make the *Match*,
(As that's moſt ſure) yet, had they ſtill protracted,
Proteſted, vow'd, aduantage (ſtill) to watch,
(Which part they oft haue finely, falſely, acted)
With ſly delayes, t'haue wyer-drawne their wiles;
What might they not haue wrought on vs, the whiles?

51.

Might they not, thus (at leaſt) haue bound our hands,
From leaſt aſſiſtance to our *Neighbour-Friends*;
Till they had ouer-run the *Nether Lands*,
And euery where obtained their proud Ends:
Whilſt we (alas) ſtood looking at all *This*,
And, in *Them*, ſaw, for *Vs*, *Rods* laid in *piſe*.

52.

Oh then, that royall *King* and *Queene of Hearts*,
Bohemiaes Princely *Paire* and pleaſant *Plants*,
Had found Afflictions added to their ſmarts,
Had then bin drown'd in helpeleſſe woes and wants:
Had bin a prey fit for thoſe hungry *Iawes*,
Which, long, had gap'd to gripe them in their *Pawes*.

53.

Then, oh then had *Religion* reſtleſſely,
And helpeleſſely, yea hopeleſſely bin baited; *Venatio Catholica.*
Then *Edoms* Sons had raiſd a cruell Cry,
Like bloody *Blood-Hounds* vndefatigated:
'Downe with it, downe with it, euen to the ground, *Pſalme 137.*
'Yt no memoriall of it, ere, be found.

54.

But see, oh see, how our good *God* arose,
Like a most glorious *Sun* with gracious *Rayes*;
At whose *vp-rise*, that monstrous *Cloud* of *woes*,
Was quite dispel'd, dispersst; And to Heauens praise,
Those threatned *stormes* of *Spaines*, *Romes* Raine & thunder,
Were turn'd into a *Calme* to our great wonder.

Prince Charles returned out of Spaine.

55.

For why, *Gods Loue*, led, yea pull'd-forth our *Prince*,
From *Spaines* foule *Fogges*: So that our *Sun* most faire
Hath clearely, cheerely, on vs, euer since
Shined, and shut-out all our deepe despaire:
So dainely, sweetly, to our admiration,
He came to vs, to our *Heart* sexultation.

56.

He *came*, came *safely*, yea, he solely came,
Solely (I say) free from all *Spanish yoake*;
Yea, which is most and best, (blest be *Gods* name)
He came vntainted of least *smell* of *smoake*,
Of *Romish*, *Spanish Coales* of *Heresie*,
Gods *Grace* did guide, guarde, his *Sincerity*.

The Prince in Spaine. Ioseph in Egypt.

57.

Yea, *Hee* (with *Ioseph*) seem'd to be fore-sent,
Into *That Egypt* by his *God* and *King*;
Those many growing *Mischiefes* to preuent,
Which through all *Europe*, ranke began to spring:
To shield vs from a *Famine*, not of *Bread*,
But of *Gods Word*, which most men, most did dread.

58.

For why? *Romes Seuen Lanke-Headed* hungry *Beast*,
Hungring for *Blood*, yea *Blood* of *Gods* blest *Saints*;
Had his deuouring *Rage*, so much encreast,
And our faire *Peace* brought to so hard constraints,
That all our former *Full-felicity*,
Was nigh deuourd, throughout all *Germany*,

But,

59.

But, as I sayd, *what* our *falsefeares* of strife,
Like *Iosephs Brethren*, did misterme, mistake;
And what *Spaine*, *Rome*, like *Potiphars* base Wife,
Wrought on good *Joseph*, spoile of him to make:
That did the *Lord* conuert to our great good,
And well he went, as *then* our *Cases* stood.

Spaine and Rome, Potiphars wife.

60.

Oh *England*, *England*, VVhat canst *Thou* repay?
VVhat *Retribution* hast *Thou* for thy *God*?
Thy God, who, *Thus*, hath bin thy staffe and stay,
And freed *Thee*, thus, from *Spanish*, *Romish*, *Rod*:
From *cruell Men*, which are *Gods Sword*, indeed,
VVhose *Mercies* are but *Mischiefes* bloody *Seed*.

61.

O what canst thou to *God*, thy *God*, repay?
VVhich wondrously, *Life* out of *Death* hath brought;
Light out of *Darkenesse*, from blacke *Night*, bright *Day*,
VVhich from such *Bondage*, hath such *Freedome* wrought:
VVhich hath thy stooping, drooping, *Heart* reuiued,
And of their impious *Ends* thy *Foes* depriued.

62.

A thankefull *Heart*, Gods mercies oft to minde,
A thankefull *Tongue* to preach abroad his praise;
A helpefull *Hand*, to his poore Members kinde,
This *triple-Tye*, is *All*; yea, *This*, alwaies,
He most expects, he best respects, requires,
This payes all *Debts*, *This* props all *new desires*.

A triple, true Thankesgiuing.

63.

VVith holy *David*, thankefully to take
The *Cup* of *Sauing Health*, to blesse the Lord;
Recitall, is *Requitall* thou must make,
His *many Mercies*, to recount, record:
Yea, *All* his *Blessings*, oft, to ruminate,
In thy *best* meanes, *Then* to remunerate.

64.

But, how vnthankefull, *England*, hast Thou bin,
For *These*, *all these*, *Gods* Mercies vnto *Thee*?
Englands Ingratitude. Amongst thy many others, *This One Sin*,
Of grosse *Ingratitude*, may iustly be
A woefull witnesse, how thou hast neglected,
Thy *God*, and all his *Goodnesse*, disrespected.

65.

How bruitishlie, how like a sottish *Swine*.
Hast thou, the *Akornes* of *Gods mercies* free,
Simile. Most rudelie rauen'd vp, Ne're cast thy Eyne,
Vp to the *Oke* of *Grace*, *Life-giuing Tree*:
Of *Gods* meere *Mercy*, *Bounty*, whence alone
All these great *Goods*, like *Floods*, haue to thee flowne.

66.

How-farre vnlike the little *Chickin*, gratefull,
Another. VVhich, euery drop it drinkes, lookes vp to *Heauen*,
As if, by *Nature*, taught to hold most hatefull,
Ingratitude, euen for least *Blessings* giuen:
But *Thou*, than any Creature, more vnkind,
Gods many, *mighty Gifts*, blot'st out of minde.

67.

For, whereas *Hee* hath *Loaded Thee* with *Loue*,
(VVitnesse those wondrous *Mercies*, pre-recited)
Plenteouslie poured, showred from Aboue,
Onely because his *Loue* in thee delighted:
Yet *Thou*, thy *Lord* hast *Loaded* with thy *Crimes*,
VVith *Sins* transcending *Those* of elder *Times*.

68.

And, as himselfe, by's Prophet doth complaine,
Amos 2.13. He, like a *Cart*, prest downe with *sheaues* of *Corne*:
Long time, hath scarce bin able to sustaine
The waight of thy *innumerous sins* forborne;
Forborne (I say) with wondrous patience,
Not laying on thee *Sins* due recompence.

VVith

69.

VVith such *paternall Longanimity*,
Each day, weeke, moneth, yea Yeare by yeare expecting
Thy due *Conuersion*, with *Sincerity*,
Thy Soules saluation *Father like* affecting:
But all in vaine his gracious expectation
VVas frustrate still, by thy ill prouocation.

70.

So that (as by another Prophet, Hee, *Ieremie 15. 6.*
Protests) Hee is most wearie of Repenting:
And can, no *longer*, *linger*, patient be,
From strict, exact, iudiciall, Conuenting
Of *England* and hir *Sonnes* foule *sinnes* before him,
VVho thus forgat, for's *Goodnesse* to adore him.

71.

And since the *Musicke*, of his *mercies* sweet,
Could neither thy dull *Heart*, nor deafe *Eares* charme;
To cause thee with due *Laud* his *Loue* to greet,
And so *preuent*, *th'euent* of future harme:
Therefore the *Thunder* of his *Iudgements* fierce,
He *now* doth *vow*, thy *Heart* shall plague and pierce.

72.

His prudent *Iustice* therefore thought not fit,
To *Cockney* or to *Cocker* thee in *Sinne*;
VVith too indulgent *Silence*, still, to sit,
But now to iudge thee iustlie will begin:
For *stroakes* of *Loue*, to giue thee *stripes* of *woe*,
To make thy *Cup* with bitternesse oreflow.

73.

VVhich, how effectually it came to passe, *The last great Plague.*
Oh *London*, *London*, Thou canst witnesse be;
VVhen thy incensed *God* did (late) alas,
VVith a fierce *Plague*, in iustice visite thee:
Thy *Beauty* into *Baldnesse* quicklie turning,
Sweet *tunes* into sad *tones*; Mirth into mourning.

If

74.

Neuer *Ieremies* loud Lamentation,
For Captiuated *Salems* pitteous plight,
Did, in a Cittie, find equiparation,
VVere personated, pattern'd-out, most right:
Oh then, who *Salems* sorrow heard or knew,
Might thereby *Londons* loud Lamentings view.

Londons lamentable Estate.

75.

London, I say, which (as *Ierusalem*)
VVas *Queene* and *Lady* of all other *Cities*;
Great Britaines Pride and precious Diadem,
A Subiect fit for *Panegyricke Ditties*:
This faire Metropolis, *obiect* of Eyes,
Abiect, by sinne, fild with sad Elegies.

76.

How didst thou *London*, solitarie sit,
VVhich formerly with people full wast fild?
How didst thou *London*, sadly Widow it,
Who wast of *Prouinces*, the Princesse held?
How didst thou waile all day, weepe sore all night,
Both night and day thy Cheekes with teares bedight

77.

Yea, how wast thou, by thine owne *Sonnes* forsaken,
How were thy neighbouring *Friends* become thy *Foes*?
By frights and feares how wast thou ouertaken?
Oh how wo hadst thou *want* added to thy *woes*:
At home, by *Epidemicke Plague*, infected,
Abroad, b' *vnhospitable Friends* neglected.

78.

Thy Gates and Streets most desolately left,
Gods fierce *Destroying Angell* smiting dead;
Whereby were *Thousands* of their liues bereft,
Thy *Priests* and *People* from thee frighted, fled,
Thy *Priests* (I say) whose piety and Pittie
Should haue redrest, and drest thy wounded Cittie.

But

79.

But *These* and *Those* like heartlesse *Harts* were fled;
Spirituall *Plastures*, *Pastures* thee denying;
Nothing more heard than *Knells* of *Bells* for Dead,
And cryes of *watery-Eyes* for friends a dying:
For *Friends*, yea *Fathers*, whom they durst not see,
Nor, as they would or should, assistant be.

80.

Oh, who is able rightly to relate,
Thy *sad* thy *bad* condition to condole;
When *Death-Tryumphant* sate in Chaire of State,
When his Dead-wounding Weapon, Sicke and whole,
Yea *Poore* and *Rich* did to the *Grave* annexe,
Without distinction of or *Age* or *Sexe*.

81.

When nought was heard, but loud alarm's for death,
When nought was seene but *Trophies* of his Spoiles
When nought was felt or found but stifled breath
To put a period to *Liues* restlesse Toyles.
VVhen all our *Gallants-Coaches* gaue large roome
For *ghastly-Coarses* passage to the Tombe.

82.

VVhen *Tombes* into wide-gaping *Pitts* were turned,
VVhen wearing-Cloathes were *Coffins* made for many;
VVhen Parents, Children, Youngmen, Maides, *All* mourned,
VVhen *All* were frighted, free from Feare not *Any*:
VVhenas, instead of *Signes*, each Houses doore
A *Red-Crosse* and a *Mournefull-Motto* wore.

Bishop Hall in his Sermon of Thankesgiuing.

83.

VVhen buried *Bodies* in their *Beds* of Clay,
VVere piled-vp on heapes, like Fagot-stackes;
VVhere *All* they mingle, *None* they single lay,
Yea, some Dead Corps due *Dormitorie* lackes;
VVhen *None* suruiu'd, but might with *David* say,
Thousands, Ten Thousands, Dead about him lay.

84.

VVhen thus (I say) thy *Citty* populous,
By that fierce Epidemicall destruction,
Was made, all most, a Desert ruinous;
A *Golgotha*, a *Chaos* of Corruption:
When passions and Compassions reluctation,
Was tenter'd-vp to highest aggrauation.

85.

When *these*, *all these*, yea *more* than *these mishaps*
Came flocking, flowing, flying, round about thee;
Besides, worse feares, of yet-worse *After-claps*,
When *horrours*, *terrours*, were within, without thee:
When euery minute, euery Man did looke,
From hopelesse Life, to be sooue snatch'd and tooke.

86.

Then, oh, euen then, London, like *Niniuie*,
In sable *Sack-cloth*, sobbing, sighing, satt;
In Fasts and Prayers, a loud to Heauen did crie,
With conscious Consternation falling flatt:
With due *Submission*, true *Contrition* bending,
And vp to Heauen, hir prest petitions sending.

87.

And Then, euen then, ô see, and so admire,
The wondrous mercie of our *Lord* of Loue;
No sooner didst thou supplicate, desire,
Mercy and gracious pardon from thoue;
Nay, sooner than thou calldst, *Hee*, answer gaue,
And while thou spak'st, *Hee* heard and did thee saue.

88.

Yea, He was found of Thee that sought'st *Him* not,
Hee ranne to thee, who from him fast didst flie;
Hee minded thee, though thou hadst him forgot,
And though thou wouldest not, cur'd thy Maladie:
Yea, though thou *Him prouoked'st* to his face,
Yet, He *preuented Thee*, with his good Grace.

89.

'Twas not thy *Fasts* (faint Fasts) that he respected,
'Twas not thy hollow, halfe-*Humiliation*;
To be, a day or two, in Soule, dejected,
Or, rather, seeming so, for ostentation:
In Sack-Cloth sadly, downe thy selfe to spread,
Or like a *Bull-rush* to hang downe thy Head.

90.

Was *This* the *Fast*, which God of Thee would haue?
Was *This* the humble-contrite *Heart* he asked?
Was *This* the true *Repentance* God did craue?
Oh no: yet, vnder *Only-This*, was masked
Thy seeming sorrow, weake *Humiliation*,
Yea, in the midst of *This*, much *Prouocation*.

91.

So, that the Lord, *This* iust complaint might make,
Of Vs, and our best *Acts* iniquity;
Oh *England*, what should I doe for thy sake? *Hosea 6. 4.*
Oh *London*, what could I doe more, for thee?
Thy *Goodnesse* being, but like *Clowdes* i'th day
Or *Mornings-dew*, which passeth soone away.

92.

Oh 'twas the Lords meere *Mercy* plenteous,
That Wee, all wee, were not consumed quite;
Because his sweet Compassions faile not Vs,
But, are renew'd, eued euery Morne and Night:
For, when we call, or Crie, he heares vs straite,
Yea, *Hee* on our *Repentance* (oft) doth waite.

93.

Oh Lord, though our peruerse Iniquities,
Our great *Transgressions*, 'gainst vs testifie; *Lamenta. 3. 22. 23.*
Though our *Back-slidings*, foule deformities
Are growne vnto strange multiplicity;
Yet, for thy *Names-sake* thou hast mercie shown:
In time of trouble, We thy Truth haue knowne.

Pſalme the 52.

1.

OF wicked *workes*, thy *Heart* intendeth,
Why vaunt'ſt thou, *Tyrant* vile?
Since *Gods loue* laſteth, neuer endeth:
Thy *Tongue* with *miſchiefes file*,
Like *Razor* ſharpe, doth deadly wound,
Fraud, in thy *Facts*, is found.

2.

Thy *Minde* all *miſchiefe* meditateth,
Thou wilt not walke vpright;
Thy *Tongue* vntruth, ſtill machinateth,
In *Lyes* is thy Delight:
With *wiles* and *Guiles*, ô double-*Tongue*,
Thou, ready art, to wrong.

3.

Therefore ſhall *God* ſupplant, diſplace thee
Out of his *Holy-Land*;
Finally, *fearefully*, defaee thee,
Not ſuffer *thee* to ſtand:
The *Righteous* ſhall ſee thy decay,
And feare and ſcorne and ſay,

4.

This Man, his *Gods* a *Gods* adored
And on his owne ſtrength ſtay'd;
Gods helpe and *Ayde*, he ne're implored,
See (now) his *folly* paide;
But I, who truſted *God* my *King*,
Shall like an *Oliue* ſpring.

5.

For euer (therefore) I will praise thee,
My *Heart*, my *Verse*, my *Voice*;
For *These* thy wondrous *Workes* shall raise thee,
In *Thee* now to reioice:
Yea, in thy *Saints* most sacred *sight*,
For, *This* is my delight.

Psalme the 53.

1.

THe faithlesse *Foole* in *Heart* his *God* denies,
Their *Facts* are full of foule *Abhomination*;
Ill, is the *end* of all their *Consultation*,
None of them will good *Actions* exercise,
All are vnwise.

2.

On *Man* below, *God* look'd from *Heauens* high *Throne*,
To see, if *Any* wiselie *Him* affected;
But, *All* were nought, *All* had the *Lord* neglected,
Goodnesse was gone, *Good men* (alas) were *None*,
Oh no, not *One*.

3.

The wicked *Workers* of *Iniquity*,
Know not, that *They*, like *Caniballs* detested,
As *Bread*, *My Peoples Flesh*, haue eate, digested,
Not minding *Me*: And, when *no-cause* was nigh,
Feare made them flie

4.

The *Lord* hath broke thy bold *Besiegers* bones,
And them destroied, which neuer *God* rely-on;
But, thy *Saluation*, out of sacred *Syon*,
Giue, to thine *Irkell* mitigate their moanes,
Their *Sighs* and *Groanes*.

When God in *Goodneſſe*, and his owne *free-Choice*,
His *People-Captiu'd*, *Captaines* makes, victorious,
And with firme *freedome* makes them glad & glorious;
Then, *Jacobs Heart* and *Iſre'ls* ſhall reioice,
With cheerfull Voice.

Pſalme the 55.

1.

LOrd looke vpon my poore *Petition*,
Hide not thine *Eyes* at my *Contrition*;
But, grant my *Suite*, my *Supplication*;
Attend, ô *bend* thine *Eares* to me,
My dolefull *cries*, my *ſorrow*, ſee,
Oh *ſee* and *ſend* me thy *Saluation*.

2.

For why, my furious *foes* take pleaſure,
To *vexe*, *perplexe* me without meaſure;
The *wicked* worke me *vile-vexation*:
With moſt malicious *madneſſe*, They
Foule *blots* and *ſpots* vpon me lay,
With much *deſpight*, much *Moleſtation*.

3.

My *Soule* with *feare* doth faint and tremble,
The *paines* and *pangs* of *Death* aſſemble,
And *me* (ô *me*) haue ſo ſurrounded;
That *dreadfull*, *direfull* ſhiuerings make;
My heart, each vitall *Part*, to quake;
In woe I am *wound-vp* and *wounded*.

4.

Then, thus I wiſht, with *ſorrow* ſtinged,
Oh that I were with *Done-wings*, winged;
Swiftly to flie, *ſweetly* to eaſe mee;
Oh then I would fly farre away,
Then would *I* in ſome *Deſert* ſtay,
This, in *this caſe*, would ſomewhat eaſe mee.

Then

5.

Then from theſe *Stormes* and *Blaſts* loud-blowing,
Faſt would I flie, ſwiftlie be going;
Timelie to ſeeke ſome ſafe *Protection*;
Their *Tongues* (*O Lord*) diuide, forth-pull,
For, I haue ſeene their *Cities*, full
Of *Rage* and *wrongs* moſt foule *Infection*.

6.

VVith *wickedneſſe*, like *Walls*, tis cloſed,
Within, *without*, of *Sinne* compoſed,
They, *Day* and *Night* are 'bout it walking:
All *Guilt* and *Guile* are in their *ſtreets*,
Deceit, *Debate*, (*There*) ſtilie greets,
There, *ſinne*, and *ſhame* are ſtoutlie ſtaulking.

7.

Had *open-Enemies* thus vſ'd-me,
Or had my *foe*, I know abuſ'd-mee;
I could, their wrong haue *ſhun'd* or *ſhielded*;
But it was *Thou*, my *Boſome-friend*,
VVhich *friendſhip*, *fauour*, didſt pretend,
Whoſe *company* much *comfort* yeelded.

8.

VVith whom in *Publike*, *priuate* talking,
Abroad, *At-home* I oft was walking,
And *frequently Gods Houſe frequented*:
Since (therefore) *craft* and *miſchiefe* dwels,
VVithin their *Cities* and their *Cels*,
Let them be with *Hells-plagues* tormented.

9.

But *I*, with *Hearts* low conſternation,
VVill call to *God* my *Soules* ſaluation,
For, *He* will ſoone *ſuccour* and *ſaue me*:
At *Morning*, *Euening*, and *Noone-tyde*;
When inſtantlie to *God I* cride,
He heard, and what *I* crau'd, He gaue me.

Though

10.

Though, *warres* and *Farres* me sore assailed,
Yet, 'gainst *me* haue they not preuailed,
For *Heauens Angelicke-Hoaste* stood by me;
The *Lord* that raignes both *first* and *last*,
Shall *Me lift-vp* and *Them Downe-cast*,
His *mercy* he will nere denie-me.

11.

Because they see no *change*, *mischances*,
Because their *fate*, their *state* aduances,
Therefore they haue the *Lord* neglected:
On *friends* they lay iniurious *Hands*,
Of *friendship*, they doe breake the *Bands*,
To be *Peace-Breakers* most affected.

12.

With *smoothing*, *soothing*, *Honey-speeches*,
With *crooching*, *creeping* slie *beseeches*,
Their *Hearts* of *Gall*, like *swords* haue wounded:
But, cast thy *Care* vpon the *Lord*,
For, Hee *sweet succour* will afford,
The *Iust* shall *neuer* be confounded.

13.

Blood-thirsty-Homicides pernicious
Deceitfull-Juglers, sliely vicious,
Thou *Lord* wilt bring to dire *Perdition*;
They shall not *liue-out* halfe their *Dayes*,
But, thy sure *Helpe*, my *Hope* shall raise,
And I will trust in thy *Tuition*.

Psalme

Pſalme the 56.

1.

A Gracious *Guardian, Lord*, be *thou* to *mee*,
Leaſt I by wicked men ingulfed be,
Who *mee* with *warre*, inceſſantlie moleſt;
My furious *foes* each houre,
Addreſſed are *me* dailie to deuoure,
Huge *hoſtile-Heapes*, of *foes* moſt feareſull power,
(Oh ſupreme *Lord*, my ſtrong defenſiue *Tower*)
doe fight and me infeſt.

2.

When of my *foes* I was (at firſt) affraid,
To thee, ô *Lord*, alone, *I* look't for *Ayde*,
And on thy *mercy*, meerelie, did depend;
And did reioice in thee,
For, in thy *word*, as in a *Glaſſe* to mee,
Thy *promiſe* of *protection I* did ſee;
Therefore, of *fleſh* affraid *I* will not be,
For, *God*, will me defend.

3.

Mine owne *aduiſe*, hath dailie *ill-ſucceſſe*,
My *foes* alſo, full fraught with *wickedneſſe*,
Set all their *Thoughts* a *worke*, to *worke* me ill;
With ioint conſent they ioine,
And *ſecretly*, and *ſlilie* they combine,
And priuatelie they prie to vndermine,
My *wayes* and *workes*, that ſo they may inſnare,
My *Soule* enſnare and kill.

4.

They *thinke* (but *falſely-thinke*) they ſhall eſcape,
And though they *ſwimme* and *ſwell* in *Sin*, they gape,
And fondlie dreame, after *Impunity*;

But, oh my *God* arise,
In *wrath* confound *thy foes*, *mine enemies*,
Recount, *record*, my many *miseries*,
And *bottle-vp* the *Teares* of my sad *Eyes*,
In *Records* let them lie.

5.

When *I* the *Lord* my *God* doe inuocate,
My *foes* in flight from me doe properate,
This firme, *I* find, for, *God* is on my side;
In God, *I ioyfull* trust,
In him *I ioy* and in his *promise* iust,
Vpon his *Word*, my *Selfe I* therefore thrust;
And say and shall, *I* feare not *wormes* and *Dust*,
For, *such* is *Mans* best *Pride*.

6.

My *Vowes* (therefore) which *I* ô *Lord* haue made,
Shall *duly*, *truly*, vnto *Thee* be paide;
Praise will *I render*, *tender*, in thy *sight*;
Especially because,
Thou hast my *Soule* redeemed from *Deaths* Iawes,
And staide my straying *feete* from *Errours* clawes;
That so I *might*, *vpright*, walke in thy *Lawes*,
With *such* as liue in *Light*.

Psalme the 101.

1.

OF *Mercy* and of *Iudgement*, I am writing,
Thy most due *Praise*, my *Laies* are now inditing;
For vnto *thee* (ô Lord) alone belongs,
Such *Psalmes*, such *Song*.

2.

In prrfect *wayes* my *feete* shall walke precisely;
And I, at home, my *workes* will order wisely,
Vntill my *Soule* sincere, aproach thy *sight*,
All-blest, *all-bright*.

By

3.

By me, bad *workes* ſhall not be imitated,
By me, *Back-fliders Actions*, euer hated:
Theſe, All of theſe, my *Heart* ſhall quite diſdaine,
refuſe, refraine.

4.

My vpright *Soule* ſhall neuer be acquainted,
With *wicked men*, whoſe *workes* with *ſin* are tainted;
From me, a *Peeuiſh* and a *peruerſe heart*,
Shall *packe*, ſhall *part*.

5.

Back-biters Tongues that with wickedly haue wounded
Neighbours Good name, by *me* ſhall be confounded;
I neuer could a *ſupercilious looke*,
Once *beare*, once *brooke*.

6.

Mine *Eyes* of *Loue* ſhall euer be reflected,
On *faithfull-men*, to be by me protected;
With *me* The *man* that liues religiouſlie,
Shall *Liue* and *Dye*.

7.

A *Fellow* fraught with ſly *Diſſimulation*,
Shall neuer haue, with me, *cohabitation*;
A *Lyer*, from my *Preſence*, *preſently*,
Shall *fall*, ſhall *fly*.

8.

I will deſtroy (and that, with *Expedition*)
All *wicked-wilfull-workers* of *Tranſgreſſion*;
Not *one* of *Theſe*, in *Gods* moſt *Holy-Land*,
Shall *ſtay*, ſhall *ſtand*.

Pſalme the 103.

1.

MY *Soule*, laud thou the *Lord* of thy ſaluation,
And be thou fill'd with humble exultation;
Praiſe him, my *Heart*, and euery *part* within:
O praiſe the *Lord*, for all his *Guifts* be gratefull,
Which *hides* and *heales All* thine *offences* hatefull,
Enormities, *Deformities*, of *Sin*.

2.

Whose *Loue*, my *Life* from dreadfull *Death* protecteth,
Who *me* with matchlesse mercie still affecteth,
Who hath *me fill'd* and *fraught* with *All* good things:
Whereby my youthfull *yeares* seeme fresh renewed,
Like *Eagles*, hauing their old *Bills* eschewed,
Gods iustice to th'oppressed, *comfort* brings.

3.

His *Paths* and *Precepts*, *Moses* well hath learned,
His wondrous *workes*, his *Isr'll* cleere discerned;
The *Lord*, is like a *Fountaine* full of *Grace*;
Most *slow* to *wrath*, most *swift* to *loue* and *fauour*,
Most readie to *remit remisse Behauiour*,
He chides not long, nor to his *Ire* giues place.

4.

Our *ill-wrought workes*, he hath not *ill-rewarded*,
Nor with *sins* due our *sinning-Soules* regarded;
But, As *Heauens* bright *Starre-glorious Curtaine* faire,
Is, in *vnknowne*, *vnshowne*, *Sublimity*,
Full distant from *Earths* deepe *Profunditie*;
So, to his *Saints*, much more his *mercies* are.

5.

God doth *remit* to *vs*, our foule *offences*,
God doth *remoue* from *Him* our *negligences*,
Euen full as farre as th'*East* is from the *West*;
And, as a *Father*, to his *Child* extendeth,
Pater-all *Pitty*, though he *Him* offendeth;
Like *Loue*, the *Lord*, hath to his *Saints* expreſt.

6.

For, *God*, the great *Creator* of each *Creature*,
Doth know our *mould* our *fashion* and our *feature*;
His *All-seeing Eye* doth *spy-out* euery *part*;
How *sickle* and how *brittle* is our *Nature*,
How soone cast downe in our most *flable stature*,
Once strooke with *Deaths Alchilling*, *killing Dart*;

7.

Hee alſo knowes that *Man* is altogether,
Like *Graſſe* or *Hay*, which inſtantlie doth wither;
Such is his *Time*, *ſuch* his *condition* true:
And that the *fragrant-flower* which ſhewes moſt brightlie,
Our fading *Perſon perſonateth*, rightlie,
Now *faire*, now *foule*, diſpell'd like *mornings Dew*.

8.

For, As when mightie *ſtormes* doe *blow* and *bluſter*,
Vpon faire *flowers* and *Bloſſomes* in their *cluſter*;
They *fall* and *fade*, and are not (after) ſeene:
So, is *mans* faireſt *forme transformed* quicklie,
Aſſaulted, by diſtemp'ring *Tumours* ſicklie,
And *now* He *fades*, who *yerſt* was *freſh* and *greene*.

9.

But, as for *God* his *Goodneſſe*, aye, remaineth,
And his deere *Childrens Childrens ſtate* ſuſtaineth,
Euen *All* that worſhip him Religiouſlie:
Which in their *Breſts*, his *Heſts* and *ſtatutes* treaſure,
And *trulie* know and *duly* doe his *pleaſure*,
With *Hand's* and *Hart's* intact *Integrity*.

10.

Within the azure *ſtarry-skye* ſupernall,
The *Lord* hath plac'd his *Regall-Throne* eternall,
And rules the *world* by his *Emperiall-might*;
Yee potent *Angels*, who are moſt obedient,
To *worke* his *will* in *All-Things*, moſt expedient,
Publiſh, proclaime, his *Honours* glorious *Right*.

11.

O ye his *Hoaſts*, moſt valiant, moſt victorious,
Officious *Seruants*, Praiſe his *Name* all-glorious;
You, which are *preſt*, *addreſt*, to doe his will:
Let *All* his *workes*, in *Euery-place* applaud Him,
Yea, let my *Heart*, my *Minde*, my *Spirit*, Laud Him,
And *All*, within me, *prize* and *praiſe Him*, ſtill.

Pſalme the 105.

1.

O Laud the *Lord* with *Inuocation*,
Amidſt his holy *Congregation*;
Shew-forth his *Workes*, *ſet-forth* his *Fame*:
Sing *praiſe*, ſing *praiſe*, vnto his *Name*,
And let the *Heart*, the *Tongue* and *Voice*,
Of *Them* that loue the *Lord*, reioyce.

2.

O ſeeke the *Lord* our *God* eternall,
O *ſeeke* and *ſearch* his *Power* ſupernall;
O *ſeeke* and *ſue* to come in ſight,
Of his moſt louely *Beauty* bright;
Of his moſt aimable *Face*,
Full of refulgent heauenly *Grace*.

3.

Keepe ſtill in due *Commemoration*,
Recount with true *gratification*,
The wondrous *Workes* which *God* had done:
By famous *facts*, His *Honour* wonne,
Let not his *Iudgements* iuſt depart,
From your moſt *mindfull*, *thankfull Heart*.

4.

Ye ſacred *Sonnes* re-generated,
Ye *Saint-like Seed*, firſt propagated,
From *Abraham*, *Gods* Seruant deare:
Which, *Him* in *Faith* doth loue and feare,
Ye *Sonnes* of *Iacob*, his *Delight*,
Extoll the *Lords maieſticke Might*.

For,

5.

For, *Hee* which ſafely *Vs* preſerueth,
He onely, of *Vs* beſt deſerueth,
To be our *Lord* and *Soueraigne* bleſt:
Hauing apparently expreſt,
His *Iudgements* iuſt, his *Equity*,
Which all the *World* can teſtifie.

6.

What he hath *promiſ'd* and *proteſted*,
To *All* that on his *Promiſe* reſted,
Euen to his *Saints*, a *Thouſand-fold*;
Which, on *Him*, with *Faiths-Hand* lay-hold,
Vnto his euerlaſting *Praiſe*,
His *Word* he hath *made good* alwayes.

7.

Euen, *That* bleſt *Promiſe* once compacted,
That Cou'nant-good, once, præ-contracted,
To *Abraham* and *Iſaacs Seed*;
And ſo to *Iacob* was decreed,
And vnto *Iſr'ell* ſtabliſht ſure,
To *Times* laſt period to endure.

8.

When, in theſe *words* the *Lord* affirmed,
And (thus) to *Thoſe*, his *Truth* confirmed,
Behold, I *Canaan*, freely giue,
To *you*, and *yours*, therein to liue;
The *Lot* of your *Inheritance*
My *Name* and *Fame* (their) to aduance.

9.

And, though the number of *that Nation*,
Was, yet of *ſlender* valuation,
Did, *yet*, but very *ſmall* appeare:
When (thus his *Loue* eſteem'd *Them* deare;
And that, Beſide their *Number ſmall*,
They, in the *Land* were *Strangers-All*.

Walking

10.

Walking from *Nation* vnto *Nation*,
Without all settled *Habitation*,
Now *Heere*, now *There*; Conducted still,
By their *all-prudent Pilots* will;
Who suffered *No-man wrong* to take,
But plaug'd great *Princes* for their sake.

11.

And, where they came, *Thus*, charg'd, appointed,
Let *None* offend *My deare-Annointed*,
Nor vse my *Prophets* spightfullie!
For, *These* are precious in mine *Eye*;
Fierce *Famine* (then) the *Land* ore-laide,
Whereby Their *Staffe* of *Bread* decaide.

12.

But, *God*, good *Ioseph*, then ordained,
By whom (fore-sent) They were sustained,
Though thither, *He* a *Slaue* were sould:
Though *Foes* in fetters, *Him* did hold,
Vntill, in *Heauens* appointed time,
God heard his *Cause*, clear'd him of *Crime*.

13.

Pharao him found a faithfull *Luer*,
And *him* from *Prison* did deliuer,
Th'*Egyptian King* was to him kinde:
And in him did such *wisedome* finde,
That of his *Kingdome* and whole *State*,
He made *Him Lord*, prime, *Potentate*.

14.

That *All* his *Peeres* might be instructed,
And to his *Lore* and *Lure* conducted,
His *Senators* by *Ioseph* taught:
Then *Iacob* was to *Egypt* brought,
I'th' *Land* of *Ham* (then) *Israell*
Did as a harbour'd *Straunger* dwell.

15.

His *flocke* his *ſtocke* (there) fructified,
And to great *Number* multiplied:
And, thus their *foes* did farre tranſcend:
Which inly did their *foes* offend,
Which turn'd their *Loue* to *Hatred* great,
Their *Smiles* to *Guiles* and ſlie *Deceipt*.

16.

Milde *Moſes*, then, the *Lord* elected,
And holy *Aaron* much reſpected,
Both-whom to *Egypt* ſoone he ſent:
There to declare his great intent,
And in the *Land* of *Ham*, to ſhowe,
His *ſignes* and *wonders* to their *woe*.

17.

Darkeneſſe, ſtrange *Darkeneſſe*, his Commiſſion,
Did, them, obey, with expedition,
And ouer-ſpread *All Egypt Land*:
And by *Heauens All-ore-ruling Hand*,
Their *waters-All*, gore *Blood* became,
And ſlew all *Fiſhes* in the ſame.

18.

With croaking *Frogs* He them infeſted,
Their *Land* and *Lodgings* where they reſted,
Not ſparing *Pharaoes Chamber* neate:
He ſent huge *Swarmes* noiſome and great,
Of crawling *Lice* and ſtinging *Flies*,
'Mongſt their *hard-hearted Enemies*.

19.

Inſtead of *Raine*, *Haile-ſtones* he rained,
And with fierce *flames* of *fire*, them bained;
And thereby totallie ore-threw:
Vines, *Figtrees*, yea, *All Trees* that grew
Then *Caterpillers* did abound,
Great *Graſhoppers* their *fruites* confound.

Their

20.

Their *firſt-borne Babes* he deadly wounded,
And ſtrongeſt of their *Land* confounded,
Yea, euen the *prime* of all their ſtrength;
And led his *Seruants* forth at length,
All, fraught with *Gold*, and *Siluer*, ſtore,
Not *One* was *feeble*, *faint* or *poore*.

21.

Th'*Egyptians Hearts* were then reuiued,
Being of their *Preſence* (thus) depriued,
Such feare of *Them* had broke their *Heart*;
And as they thns did thence depart,
A *Cloud* by *Day*, hid them from *Heate*,
Their *Guide* by *Night*, a *Fire* moſt great.

22.

At *Their* rebueſt, He, *Quailes* downe-rained,
With *Manna* ſweet, their *ſtate* ſuſtained,
Whiles, through the *wilderneſſe* they went:
And then the rigid *Rockes* he rent,
From whence did *Floods* of *Water* flow,
To quench their *thirſt*, as they did goe.

23.

For, as he euer was delighted,
With *mindfulneſſe* of *Promiſe* plighted:
So (then) the *Lord* did mind the ſame:
And to his euerlaſting *fame*,
He brought them forth with *mirth* and *Joy*,
Whence, they had liu'd in dire *Annoy*.

24.

Yea, *ſuch*, to them was his good *Pleaſure*,
That, all the *Labours*, *Lands*, and *Treaſure*,
Of *Heathen-folke*, his *flocke* did take;
That they might not his *Lawes* forſake,
But faithfully obſerue his *Lore*,
Oh let vs praiſe the *Lord* therefore.

Pſalme 107.

1.

OVr good *GOD* euer-liuing,
O laud and magnifie;
For, *Hee* delights in giuing,
Good *Guifts* inceſſantly;
Let *Thoſe*, preach and proclaime,
Gods powerfull *Preſeruation*,
Whoſe fierce *foes* he did tame,
Freeing them from *Vexation*.

2.

Them, ſcattered, *He* collected,
From th'*Eaſt* vnto the *weſt*;
And brought them (thus affected)
From *North* and *South All*-bleſt:
Yea, when in *wilderneſſe*,
Bereft of *Houſe* or *Citty*,
They wandred in diſtreſſe,
He ſhew'd *Paternall Pitty*.

3.

When fearefully they fainted,
All pin'd with *Penurie*;
With thirſty *Drought* euen tainted,
And ready for to die:
With *ſorrow*, thus, o're-charg'd,
Heauens helpe they then implored,
Then *God* his *Loue* enlarg'd,
And them to *Ioy* reſtored.

4.

And from their *Deſolation*,
He led them like a *Guide*;

Vare

Vnto a *Habitation*,
Where they might ſafe abide:
Let thankefull *Perſons*, then,
The *Lords* great *Loue* be telling;
And to the *Sonnes* of *Men*,
His wondrous *workes* excelling.

5.

For, *He* in bounteous *meaſure*,
The hungrie *Soule* hath fill'd;
And his cæleſtiall *Treaſure*,
On thirſtie *Hearts* haſt ſtill'd.
But *Thoſe* that doe reſide,
In *Deaths* darke *Habitation*,
Faſt fetter'd-vp and tide,
With *Chaines* of *Deſolation*.

6.

Becauſe they had rebelled,
Againſt *Gods Holy-writ*;
And gainſt his *Counſailes* ſwelled,
Eſteeming *them* no whit:
Yet, when his heauie *Hand*,
Had brought them in *Subiection*;
When they in *woe* did ſtand,
Quite fruſtrate of *Protection*.

7.

Then with much *Lamentation*,
Gods helpe, they did implore;
Who, from deepe *Deſolation*,
Did them to *Ioy*, reſtore.
And from the gloomey *ſhade*,
Of *Death*, where they were cloſed;
In *Iron-fetters* laide.
He powerfullie them loſed.

8.

He ſnapt their *Snares* a ſunder,
Their *Bolts* and *Barres* of *Braſſe*;

And op'd their *Gates* with wonder,
To let the *People* passe:
Let thankfull *Persons* then,
The *Lords* great *Loue* be telling;
And to the *Sons* of *Men*,
His wondrous *workes* excelling.

9.

d *Fooles* by their *Transgression*,
And foule *Deformities*,
Are forc'd to feele oppession,
And many *Miseries*:
Their *Soule* in *Languishment*,
Sweet *Nutriment* distasted,
In this sad Exigent,
Euen to *Deaths* doore, they hasted.

10.

en, *Ayde*, they impetrated,
In *this* their deepe *distresse*;
And were commiserated,
And found a full *redresse*:
The *Lord* sent forth his *Word*,
With potent *operation*,
Which did them *Helpe* afford,
Vnto their *Soules Saluation*.

11.

grateſull *Men* be telling,
The *Lords* great *Goodnesse*, then,
His wondrous *Workes* excelling,
Vnto the *Sonnes* of *Men*.
Let them with ioyfull *Hearts*,
Prepare a sweet *Oblation*,
And praise *Gods* glorious *Parts*,
And *Workes* of *Admiration*.

12.

h as vse *Nauigation*,
In *Ships* to *Sea* being seat,
With indefatigation,
Their *Marchandize* to vent;

Thoſe men ſee and behold,
The *wonders* of the *Ocean*;
Gods maruailes manifold,
In *Sea's* moſt mighty *motion*.

13.

For, at his *Voice*, like *Thunder*,
The *Waters* riſe and rage;
Winds blow, *Floods flow*, with *wonder*,
Their *Surges None* can ſwage:
Aloft, they lifted riſe,
That *Heauen* they touch, They thinke;
Straite plund'g in woefull wiſe,
They ſeeme to *Hell* to ſinke.

14.

Then, *to* and *fro*, they tumble,
Like *men* in *drunken-fits*;
They, *Art-leſſe*, *heart-leſſe* ſtumble,
Bereft of *Sence* and *wits*.
Then cry they to the *Lord*,
With loud *eiaculation*,
Who quicklie doth accord,
To ſend them *Preſeruation*.

15.

For, at his *Becke* and *Pleaſure*,
The ſturdie *Stormes* lie ſtill;
The *Waues* in wondrous *meaſure*,
Obey his *word* and *will*:
The *Mariners* thereby,
Are fill'd with *Ioy* and *Gladnes*;
That their wiſht *Hauen* they ſpie,
In *ſafety* free from *Sadnes*.

16.

Let gratefull *Men* be telling,
The *Lords* great *Goodneſſe* then;
His wondrous *Workes* excelling,
Vnto the *Sonnes* of *Men*:
And let them laud his *Might*,
In the great *Congregation*;
And in great *Princes* ſight,
Proclaime his ſweet *Saluation*.

Huge

waters-Inundation,
He makes a *Deſert* drie;
And with ſtrange alteration,
Dries-vp *Springs* preſentlie:
And, for the ſinfull *Band,*
Of bad *Inhabitants;*
He makes a fruitfull *Land,*
Fruitleſſe and full of *Wants.*

18.

Againe, dry *Wilderneſſes,*
Huge flowing *Floods* he makes;
And *dry-Lands* He redreſſes,
To *Springs,* and *Poples,* and *Lakes.*
And, for Poore *People,* there,
Prouides an *Habitation;*
Where they may *Cities* reare,
With pleaſant *Situation.*

19.

Where, they infruitfull *meaſure,*
May ſow and *Vineyards* plant;
And ſo augment their *Treaſure,*
That *None* need liue in *want:*
And *God* doth bleſſe them ſo,
In time of *Peace* or *Battell;*
That they moſt *Wealthy* grow,
In *Coine,* in *Corne,* in *Cattell.*

20.

But, when his *Saints* are wronged,
Diminiſht and brought low;
And, *what,* to *Them* belonged,
Are forced to for-goe:
Then, their proud *Enemies,*
Though *Princes,* He diſtreſſes;
And doth ſo blind their *Eyes,*
To erre in *Wilderneſſes.*

21.

Yet, out of all their *Troubles,*
Poore *Humble-Hearts* he frees;
Their *ſtockes* and *ſlockes* he doubles,
Like *Sheepe* or *Swarmes* of Bees:

The *Righteous* this ſhall ſee,
And ioy with heartie *Gladneſſe*;
But, *Bad-mouthes* ſtopt ſhall be,
With moſt malicious *Madneſſe*.

22.

Oh, who is godly wiſe,
And free from wilfull *Blindneſſe*;
To *marke* and *memorize*,
The *Lords* great *Loue* and *kindnes*.

Pſalme the 123. Paraphraſed by way of thankesgiuing for o great deliuerances from the *Papiſts Pouder Plot*.

King Dauid againſt the *Philiſtims*;
King Iames againſt the *Antichriſtians*.

1.

NOow may *England*
Confeſſe and ſay truely;
If that the *Lord*,
Had not our *Cauſe* maintain'd,
If that the *Lord*,
Had not our *State* ſuſtain'd;
When *Antichriſt*,
Againſt vs furiouſlie,
Made his proud *Brags*,
And ſaid, VVe ſhould *All* die.

2.

Not long agoe,
They had deuoured vs *All*;
And ſwallowed quicke,
For ought that *wee* could deeme:
Such was their *Rage*,
As We might well eſteeme:
And as proud *Floods*,
With mighty *force* doe fall;
So their *mad-Rage*,
Our *Liues* had brought to *Thrall*.

3.

Our *King* and *Queene*,
The *Prince* and *Princely-Race*;
Their *Counſell* graue,

And chiefe *Nobilitie*,
The *Iudges* wise,
And prime *Tribe* of *Leui*,
VVith all the prudent,
States-men of the *Land*,
By *Powder* fierce,
Had perished out of hand.

4.

The raging *streames*,
Of *Rome* with roaring noise,
Had with great *woe*,
Ore-whelm'd *vs* in the *Deepe*:
But, blessed *Lord*,
Thou didst vs safely Keepe,
From bloodie *Teeth*,
And Their deuouring *Fawes*;
VVhich as a *Prey*,
Had griped vs in their *Clawes*.

5.

But, as a *Bird*,
Out of the *Fowlers Grin*,
Escapes away:
Right *so* it far'd with *Vs*;
Broke were their *Nets*,
And *wee* haue scaped, *Thus*,
God that made *Heauen*
And *Earth* was our *Helpe*-
His *mercy* saued vs (*then*)
From these wicked *Men*.

6.

O let vs therefore,
VVith all *thanks* and *praise*,
Sing, ioyfully,
To *Christ* our heauenly *King*;
VVhose *wisedome* high,
This *fact* to *light* did bring:
Grant then ô *Lord*,
we doe thee humbly pray,
may accord,
praise thy *Name* alway.
Amen.

Theodorus Beza,

In *Hiſpanorum Claſſem, Diuinitus* Ab *Anglis* profligatam. *Anno Domini.* 1588.

STrauerat, innumeris *Hiſpanus* Claſſibus *Æquor*,
Regnis iunĉturus *Sceptra Britanna*, Suis.
Tanti huius rogitas, Quæ motus *Cauſa*? *Superbos*,
Impulit *Ambitio*, vexit *Auaritia*.
Quam benè, *Te Ambitio* merſit, Vaniſſima, *Ventus*,
Et *tumidos tumida*, *Vos* ſuperaſtis *Aquæ*!
Quam bene *Raptores Orbis* totius *Iberos*,
merſit inexhauſti iuſta *Vorago Maris*!
At *Tu*, cui *Venti*, cui totum militat *Æquor*,
Regina, ô *Mundi* totius *Vna Decus*!
Sic, regnare *Deo*, perge, *Ambitione* remota,
Prodiga, ſic opibus, perge, iuuare *Pios*:
Vt *Te*, *Angli* longùm, longùm *Anglis*, *Ipſa* fruaris;
Quam *dilecta Bonis*, Tam *metuenda Malis*.

Thus Engliſhed, by *I. V.*

PHillips huge *Fleete* did *Floate* vpon the *Maine*;
Lab'ring to linke faire *Englands Crowne* to *Spaine*:
Do'ſt aske, what *Motiues*, mou'd *Him* to *This Ill*?
Twas *His Ambitions*, *Auaritious will*.
VVell, was His *Puffe* of *Pride*, by *windes*, ore-blowne;
His ſwelling *will* by *ſwelling waues*, ore-flowne:
VVell was His *Hope* of *Earthes* whole *Monarchie*,
Ingulf'd in *Seas* immenſe profundity.
But thou (ô *Queene*) *worlds-wonder*, ſole *Delight*,
For *whom*, the *Heauens*, *Earth*, *Seas*, *Windes*, *waues*, doe fight;
Still *Rule*, ſtill *Raigne*, from foule *Ambition*, free,
Gratefull to *God*, *Helpefull* to *Good-men*, be.
That *England Thee*, *Thou England*, *Long* may'ſt nouriſh;
Foes to Confound, *Friends* graciouſly to Cheriſh.

De

De *Strage*, *Classis Hispanicæ* *Anno.* 1588.

Incerto *Authore.*

VNdè Hæc atra *Maris Facies*? Tantæ vndè *Procellæ*?
Et pro cæruleo *Spuma*, *colore* tumens?
Hispanum vasto, Nunc, gurgite, mergitur *Agmen*,
Quot vix submersos, *æquoris Vnda* capit.
Sic *Pharao* commissa petens sacra *Agmina Mosi*,
Factus *Erythræi*, *Piscibus Esca*, *Maris*.
Hostis vterque *Dei*, *Sanctorum* et *Gentis* vterque,
Curribus, *Hic*, multis, *Nauibus*, *Ille*, potens,
Exitio, *Currus*, *Naues*que feruntur, eodem,
Sanguinis vt satiet purior *Vnda*, *Sitim*,
Et regredi vt posset (Quoniam est *Aggressor* vterque)
Neutri, commoti *Numinis Ira* dedit.
Sic, reliquas *Auidus Mundi* sibi subdere *Gentes*,
Subijcit *Anglorum Colla* superba *Iugo*.
Quique alios spreuit, *Vulgi* fit *Fabula*, Vt alta
Qui *viuens* petijt, *mortuus ima* petat.
Quinetiam ardenti medijs occurrit in *Vndis*,
Non minus ardescens et ferus *Ille* DRACO.
Iste quidem *Patriæ* succensus *amore* tuendæ,
Ille, *Anglas*, sitiens, *totus Auarus*, *Opes*.
Sic, *Flammæ Vltrices*, *Flammas* supera'ris auaras;
Et *Deus* est *Flammis*, est quoque *Victor Aquis*.

Thus Englished by *I: V.*

VVHat *meanes* the *Maines Foule-face*, strange stor-(my-state,
And foamy *Floods*, whose *Hew* was *Blew*, of Late?
The *Reason's* ready: *Phillips Fleet*, of *Spaine*,
Is drown'd i'th'*Deepe*, whose like, ne're sunke, i'th *Maine*.
Thus *Pharao* following *Moses Holy-Band*,
Was swallowed-vp i'th *Sea*, by *Heauens* Command.

Both, were both *GODS* and his *deere-Saints Foes* vow'd;
His *Chariots*, *Pharao*; *Ships* made *Phillip* proud,
But, *Shippes* and *Chariots*, in the *Gulfe* were drown'd;
Their *Thirſt* of *Blood*, the *Flood* did quench, confound.
And, ſince, *Thoſe* bould *Aſſailants* malice great,
Had Heauen incenſ'd, *Neither*, made ſafe *Retreate*.
For, *Spaine*, that would imperiouſly rule *All*,
Was forced vnder *Englands yoke* to *fall*.
And, *This* proud *Scorner*, was to *All* a *Scorne*,
His *high-built Hopes*, ith' *Deepe* were left forlorne.
For, dauntleſſe *Drake*, with *martiall-fire* enflam'd,
Affronts the *Fire* of *Spaines Rage*, timely tam'd.
Hee full of *zeale* his *Countries Foes* to foile;
Spaine ſpurr'd with *Heate* of *Hate*, our *State* to ſpoile.
But, *Flames* of iuſt *Reuenge*, *Prides Flames* ore-came,
Thus, *GOD* was *GOD* both of the *Floods* and *Flame*.

FINIS.

Omnis, *Trin-Vni Deo* ſoli,
ſit *Gloria*.